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FOR JUNE 26, 1937

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Mail

Dunk From Tunk

By G. HARRIS DANZBERGER—

In your June 5 issue you assert the name Dunker comes from Pennsylvania German "to dunk." Will you take it from a Pennsylvania Dutchman—tho not a Dunker—that the term comes from the German "tunker," to dip—for their Baptist views?

Scarsdale, New York.

We would—were it not for the definition of dunk in Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language: *dunk* (Pa. Dutch.) To sop; as to *dunk* corn-pone in pot-liquor.

German for the same verb is *tunken*, however; doubtless *dunk* came from *tunken*.—*Editor.*

King of Hobos

By JEFF DAVIS, King of Hobos—

I want to correct some misleading statements you made in your article "Hobo Hegemony," issue of April 10.

As you obviously doubted my right to the title, King of Hobos, you should be interested to know that 225 delegates, duly elected in all parts of the country, went on record as concurring in the ratification of the Kingship proposed and passed unanimously at Pittsburgh during the Hobo Convention of 1936.

The following appeared in an Associated Press night wire after this year's convention in St. Louis, April 10, 1937: "Jeff Davis is undisputed 'Hobo King' of the world. That

(Continued on page 39)

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What's the Name, Please?

By CHARLES EARLE FUNK

Editor, "What's the Name, Please?" Department of The Literary Digest

The pronunciation of the names of the great, the near great, or the about-to-be-great of our own time; names that we encounter in the newspapers, magazines, and technical journals, or that we find in the lecture halls in our English speaking universities, in commerce and industry in American Congress and British Parliament, in medicine and law, in art and music, or on stage and screen.

The pronunciations that are given do not represent the opinion of some sacrosanct editor or editorial board. Each pronunciation is that used by the owner of the name, authorized by him or, in a few instances, vouched for by some one so close to the owner as to be competent authority.

In all there are about 1500 names represented, arranged in alphabetical order.

As a reference book "What's the Name, Please?" will be of great value to libraries, schools, the clergy, the legal profession, broadcasters, etc.

"Every one who cares about correct speech will find it a very useful, satisfactory and interesting little work and will want to keep it within easy reach for ready reference."—*The New York Times Book Review.*

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BOSTON *is a* *browsing town*

IT is hallowed ground, this Boston . . . stirringly reminiscent of midnight hoof-beats, gallant Minute-men and masquerading Indians. Its Revolutionary landmarks are shrines no American should miss. Centre of all this romantic territory is the famous Parker House, in itself a New England tradition. Superior service, luxurious accommodations, and grand "vittles" make it ideal headquarters for a few days of poking around fascinating old Boston. Every room has private bath, shower, circulating ice-water and radio. Single rooms from $3.50 . . . for two people, $5 up. The noted Dickens Room is a good place to start your browsing.

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Parker House BOSTON

Glenwood J. Sherrard, Managing Director

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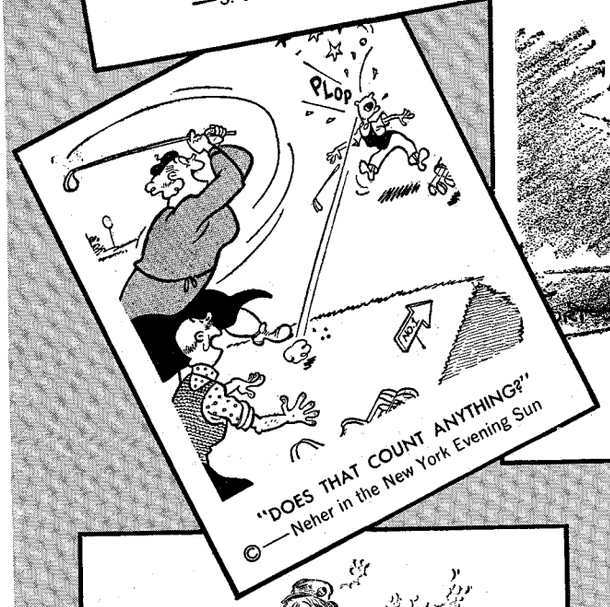
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

"MAKING THE TASK AWFULLY HARD FOR THE MISSIONARIES"
—S. J. Ray in the Kansas City Star



"DOES THAT COUNT ANYTHING?"
©—Neher in the New York Evening Sun

"NOTHING LEFT BUT A "NOT" HOLE"
—Talburt in the New York World Telegram

"THE PROBLEM CHILD"
© — Herblock for Nea Service

THIS IS OUR BUSY DAY
TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO A POLICEMAN WE'VE GOT ENOUGH OF OUR OWN
DON'T SLAM THE DOOR AS YOU GO OUT
THE HARD BOILED OLD WORLD
NO!! WE DON'T WANT ANY HELP!
DIPLOMA

"TODAY WE STAND ON THE THRESHOLD"
—Talburt in the Washington Daily News

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK JUNE 26, 1937

Topics of the day

WHERE DOES NEW DEAL GO FROM HERE?

In Sixty Colorless Seconds There's Revolt at Capitol

Patrick A. McCarran, portly and silver-haired, rose from his desk at the rear of the Senate last week, announced perfunctorily:

"*Mr. President, on behalf of the Judiciary Committee . . . your Committee reports back adversely . . . the bill to reorganize the judicial branch of the Government and submits a report thereon. . . .*"

A page, spick and span in blue suit and starched collar, took a small pamphlet from the Senator's hand, scurried down the aisle and dumped it onto the presiding officer's desk.

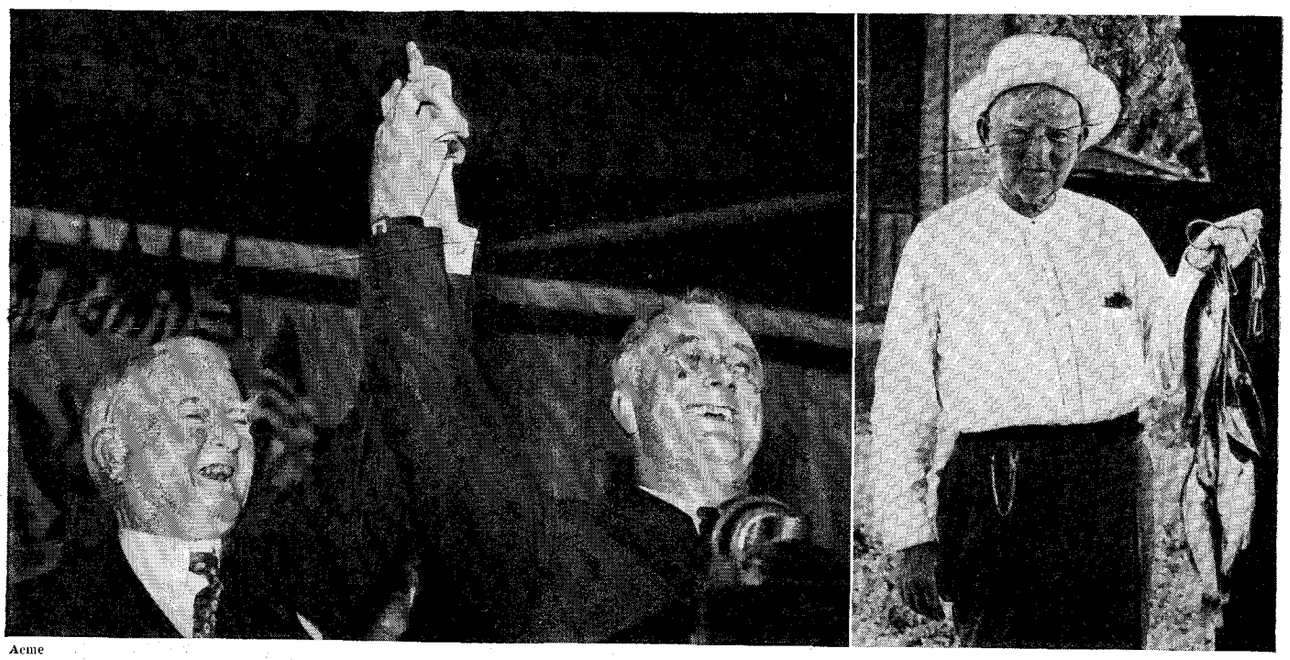
Pat McCarran strolled over to where Joe Robinson was sitting and the two began chatting amiably. Amid unconcealed yawns, the Senate droned on to other business.

Thus, in sixty colorless seconds, was enacted what historians may call the most important incident in the second four years of the New Deal—the rejection by the Senate Judiciary Committee of S-1392, the Administration-sponsored Court-enlargement bill.

Reasons—For two reasons, the event is of prime historical importance:

1. President Roosevelt, backed by the prestige of a top-heavy election plurality still fresh in the nation's memory, threw the full strength of his personality and office behind this measure. He called Senators and Representatives to his office in twos and threes to twit and cajole them and to bend a sympathetic ear to their plaints. He gave out an exclusive interview outlining the aspirations centered around his judicial-reform measure. Twice he went before the microphone to carry his fight directly to the people. Yet, in a committee five-sixths Democratic, he could not win a majority.

2. The report recommending rejection of the bill was no mildly worded document damning faintly and couched in compromising, face-saving adjectives, as it might well have been, since it was to appear over the signatures of seven Roosevelt Democrats and only three Republicans. On the contrary, it was a studied and vigorous *condemnation* not only of the measure itself, but of the motives behind it. No reading between the lines was required to impute to the document a deliberate attempt to aline all conservative elements of Democracy in a political war on the New Deal.



Acme

The Vice President addresses himself . . . to whatever comes to hand

Startlingly like a series of articles of impeachment drawn by the Committee against the President himself were these ringing paragraphs in the majority's lengthy report:

We recommend the rejection of this bill as a needless, futile and utterly dangerous abandonment of constitutional principle.

* * *

It was presented to the Congress in a most intricate form and for reasons that obscured its real purpose.

* * *

It points the way to evasion of the Constitution and establishes the method whereby the people may be deprived of their right to pass upon all amendments of the fundamental law.

* * *

Its ultimate operation would be to make this Government one of men rather than law and its practical operation would be to make the Constitution what the Executive or Legislative branches of the Government choose to say it is—an interpretation to be changed with each change of administration.

* * *

It is a measure which should be so emphatically rejected that its parallel will never again be presented to the free representatives of the free people of America.

Rebels—Twenty-four hours after Pat McCarran had slipped the Committee's polemic into the eager hands of the page, Washington was seething with talk of the Revolt on the Hill. Since a sizable bloc of Congressional Democrats virtually had accused the President of attempting to betray the United States Constitution, it was evident that these men believed the Roosevelt influence to be a dangerous one, that they no longer considered themselves bound by his leadership, that they had written a platform on which they would stand in the next year's midterm elections and in the 1940 campaign.

It appeared that some twenty Senate Democrats were ready to accept the majority report of the Judiciary Committee as their political Magna Carta for the next four years.

Among them were Edward R. Burke, Bennett Champ Clark, Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Pat McCarran, Tom Connally, Frederick Van Nuys, Burton K. Wheeler, Josiah W. Bailey, Harry F. Byrd, Carter Glass, Royal S. Copeland, Walter F. George, Peter G. Gerry, Ellison D. Smith, Millard E. Tydings, Rush D. Holt.

Bones—If not on the subject of judicial reorganization, then on other legislation which the President terms "desirable," they are out of sympathy with the White House.

The particular bones which, indi-

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vidually or collectively, they have to pick with the Administration are:

1. The program for the reorganization of the Executive Department. At once fearful and jealous of further centralization of authority in the Chief Executive, a House Committee already has hacked this bill into four separate pieces—each one of which will find rough passage through the Congressional waters.

2. The Administration attitude toward the current industrial war. Many a conservative Democrat in the House and Senate was shocked and disappointed at the President's refusal to rebuke striking automobile workers for adopting the sit-down strategy last winter. To-day, this same group is worried over the bond between the White House and the Committee for Industrial Organization. They are on the point of crying out, as did one member of the House last week: "Who is the boss—Roosevelt down at the White House, or John L. Lewis?"

3. The Black-Connery "wages-and-hours" bill. Senators from Northern States fear the bill's delegation to a five-man board of "authority over the nation's industrial system." Their colleagues from the South (where common labor is paid an average of about 28 cents an hour as compared with 51 cents in the North) dislike the idea of minimum-wage levels.

4. The relief bill. On the floor of the Senate last week, the South Carolinian, James F. Byrnes, a stanch Roosevelt man, led a hopelessly outnumbered squadron of economy-minded legislators into battle against the $1,500,000,000 appropriation for work-relief, which the Cutiful House had passed along after the President's request. His suggestion for paring relief costs: Make municipalities contribute 40 per cent. of the cost of non-Federal work projects. Despite sturdy support from his colleague immediately to the north, Josiah W. Bailey, Byrnes's economy revolt died like a wet firecracker.

Rooster—Where there are so many ruffled feathers, there must be an angry bird. Despite numerous groups of men bitter over reorganization, strikes, business regulation and relief, observers agreed unanimously last week that the angriest bird of all is the cock of the Senate, Vice President John Nance Garner.

On Monday, he bundled Mrs. Garner, his chauffeur, some bags and a fishing-rod into his sixteen-cylinder limousine, shook Washington's political dust from his feet and set out for Texas. He had the permission of "the Boss," he said, to take a six-weeks' vacation. He wanted rest; he expected to spend most of his time fishing.

Brows went up. The Vice President has not been ill recently. Furthermore, not in thirty-six years has he taken a vacation while Congress was in session. There could be only one reason for "Cactus Jack's" sudden evacuation of the Capitol: the long predicted split between him and the President at last had materialized.

Schism—A year ago, Garner stood on a platform in Franklin Field, Philadelphia, clasped his left hand in President Roosevelt's right, raised it high in the air as a gesture of undying fealty. A moment before, he had vowed:

". . . I am a soldier and my duty is to follow where the commander leads. . . . I shall stand with him in the months ahead as I stood with him before the voters of this country in 1932—as I have stood in sharing with him since March 4, 1933, the obligations and duties and responsibilities which the Constitution imposes. . . ."

But since that wet June night, the thrifty, law-abiding, peace-loving Texan has seen no serious attempt on the part of the Administration to even up the lop-sided national budget, has seen sit-downers take possession of factories throughout the land with no word of remonstrance from the White House, has seen internecine war looming as a threat to harmony in the ranks of Democracy because of Presidential persistence on Court-enlargement.

Concluded the columnist, David Lawrence: "Maybe Mr. Garner thought that the best way to persuade Mr. Roosevelt about the seriousness of the situation was to go away for six weeks and let the President and the country ponder the significance of the differences of opinion between the two men who led the Democratic Party at the polls less than a year ago."

Thoroughly awake to unrestricted discussion in the press of the Revolt on the Hill, the White House attempted last week to end it. Each of the 407 Democrats in the House and Senate was invited to be the guest of Franklin D. Roosevelt at a three-day week-end house party on Jefferson Island in Chesapeake Bay.

The White House secretary, Stephen T. Early, blandly explained: "Charges have been printed in the papers for a long time that President Roosevelt has been holding aloof from the Democratic majority and individual members of Congress.

". . . At Jefferson Island, the President will be available to all the Democratic Congressmen to talk over any matter or question they desire."

DEATH'S HOLIDAY: Life and Limb in Jeopardy in "Annual Orgy of Fire and Noise"

The people having got a foolish Custom of throwing Squibs* during the time of any Publick Solemnity, and some having lost their eyes thereby, and other Damage being done; a Law was made, prohibiting the Making, Selling or Offering or Exposing to Sale any Squibs, &c, or Fireworks . . . and prohibiting persons to suffer any Squibs &c to be cast out of their Houses . . . into any Publick Street.—*Nelson's Justice, 1729*

Tho more than 200 years have passed since enactment of what is believed to have been the first ordinance prohibiting sale and use of fireworks, the "foolish Custom of throwing Squibs" continues to mark occasions of "Publick Solemnity" with lives, limbs and eyes in jeopardy.

*Squib—a roll or case filled with gunpowder or meal-powder to be thrown or rolled swiftly, finally exploding like a rocket. —Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language.

Last week, when Boston celebrated Bunker Hill day, exploding firecrackers sent fifty-six persons to hospitals. One victim, a girl of thirteen, was struck in the left eye by a firecracker set off by boys near her home. She may lose her eye.

Next week, America will celebrate the 161st anniversary of its independence. Despite the fact that more than half the States have some kind of prohibitive or restrictive fireworks legislation, public authorities are not sanguine of escaping a ghastly toll of casualties, with hundreds of small children the chief victims.

Expensive—Observance of the historic day always has been costly. In the first thirty years of this century, for instance, more lives were sacrificed in celebrating America's independence than were lost in achieving it in the Revolution.

From Lexington to Yorktown the total number of Americans killed in the war was 4,044, while 6,004 were wounded. From 1900 to 1930, 4,290 were killed and 96,000 were injured by fireworks.

For twenty-five years, organizations such as the National Fire Protective Association, the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness and the American Museum of Safety have been waging a campaign for rational observance of the holiday and have succeeded, to a limited extent, in reducing the number of casualties by a concerted atttack upon "this annual orgy of fire, noise and death." They have not sought to bar fireworks altogether, but have advocated safe use in community displays.

Yet, as late as 1935, latest year for which figures have been analyzed, there were 7,738 injuries, resulting in thirty deaths and fifty-seven cases of loss of sight. Nor does this take into account the appalling number of accidents during the Christmas season in Southern States, where the Nativity is celebrated by shooting off fireworks.

Survey—In a study of accidents conducted recently by Dr. Leland E. Coffer, former Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, it was revealed that among fireworks casualties

© National Society for the Prevention of Blindness

No harmless fireworks: Children's experiments with the common firecracker are most dangerous

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were large numbers of tots too young to be aware of what they were celebrating.

Analysis of 3,000 cases showed that 817 children between one and ten were injured and thirteen youngsters of this age were killed. Nine of those who lost their lives were five years old or younger. Six other children between the ages of ten and fifteen were killed and 797 children of that age were injured. When Doctor Coffer examined casualties among boys and girls between one and twenty he found that twenty had been killed and 2,069 injured. Other injured persons were from twenty to eighty.

A significant feature of Doctor Coffer's findings is that there were as many accidents in cities having laws prohibiting sale of fireworks as in those having no restrictive legislation. This anomaly, he declared, was accounted for by the fact that in nearly every case where a city prohibits the sale of fireworks, "they are bootlegged within that city and are sold openly at roadside stands just outside the city limits or in neighboring towns."

Dangers—Virtually all studies prove that there are no such things as harmless fireworks. Analysis showed that the common firecracker, delight of small children, is the most dangerous of all fireworks; probably, it is maintained, because it is used in greater quantities than any other.

The so-called "harmless sparklers" are far from trustworthy; last year they caused the deaths of four children, all burned in fires started by the "harmless" things. Even the little cap-pistol and the equally virtuous punk, used instead of matches, caused serious injuries.

Speaking of these casualties recently, Louis Resnick, Director of Industrial Relations of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, declared that it was up to manufacturers to discontinue items blamed for the greatest number of casualties, including sparklers. He said:

"If fireworks manufacturers do not, of their own accord, eliminate those items that are causing loss of life and warlike lists of wounded each year, then the time will come before long when America will wipe out the entire industry and with it the barbarous practise of burning children alive, gouging their eyes out and blowing their hands off in the crazy notion that this is patriotism."

Opposition—But C. H. Fleming, Executive Secretary of Pyrotechnic Industries, Inc., collaborating with organizations advocating rational use of fireworks, does not think that prohibition will help.

"The general prohibition of fireworks on the Fourth of July runs counter to the traditions and ingrained character of the American people," he said recently. "For that reason such prohibitions are likely to be as little effective as the noble experiment of the Drys."

Mr. Fleming believes that an impartial Federal agency, such as the Bureau of Explosives of the Interstate Commerce Commission, should have general supervision of fireworks to assure safety.

"At the present time they (the Bureau) examine the products of various fireworks manufacturers," he comments, "but solely for the consideration of safety in transportation, which has no definite relation to safety in use.

"We may as well recognize that complete elimination of fireworks accidents through any means, including absolute prohibition, is not possible of attainment. . . . With prohibition, experimental fireworks and bootleg fireworks would certainly produce worse accidents if they did not produce as great a number."

Penalties—New Jersey is the latest State to join the ranks of those outlawing indiscriminate sale of fireworks. Under an act signed by Gov. Harold Hoffman last month, sales to individuals are barred, but municipal and civic organizations may arrange displays by posting bond of $2,500 to pay for any damage caused.

Unlicensed sellers of fireworks are subject to a fine of $100 and imprisonment for ninety days. Users of fireworks, even small boys, are subject to a $100 fine. Enforcement, however, may be frustrated by an injunction obtained last week.

Three other States, Kentucky, Michigan and Iowa, have laws which flatly prohibit retail sale of fireworks. Twenty-one States have enacted restrictive legislation. There are 384 cities and towns in America with local ordinances banning sales, while 172 other communities restrict the trade.

'QUODDY QUALMS: F.D.R. Thought It Was Worth While, But Does Taxpayer?

In the early spring of 1936, a slight difference of opinion developed between the President and the House Appropriations Committee. Briefly, that was this:

The Appropriations Committee thought Passamaquoddy, Maine, wasn't worth a dam: Franklin D. Roosevelt thought it was.

The President wished the House to appropriate $9,000,000 to continue work on the dam, begun the previous year at a cost of $7,000,000. The House Committee examined the proposal, recalled it never had authorized the original expenditure and declined to vote the funds. Result:

"'Quoddy Village," which had sprung up magnificently during the winter to house 4,000 laborers and engineers on the great tidal project, quickly became a deserted village. Government checks cut off, workers lost enthusiasm for the grandiose plan to harness the giant tides of the Bay of Fundy. They packed up and scattered in all directions.

In consequence of their headlong departure, 120 temporary cottages, two apartment-buildings, twelve barracks, three mess-halls and nine permanent houses, erected in expectation of at least four years' work, were left untenanted. Officials scratched their heads, pondered for weeks and decided to close them for fall and winter. A hundred young hopefuls enrolled in the National Youth Administration were told to keep an eye on them.

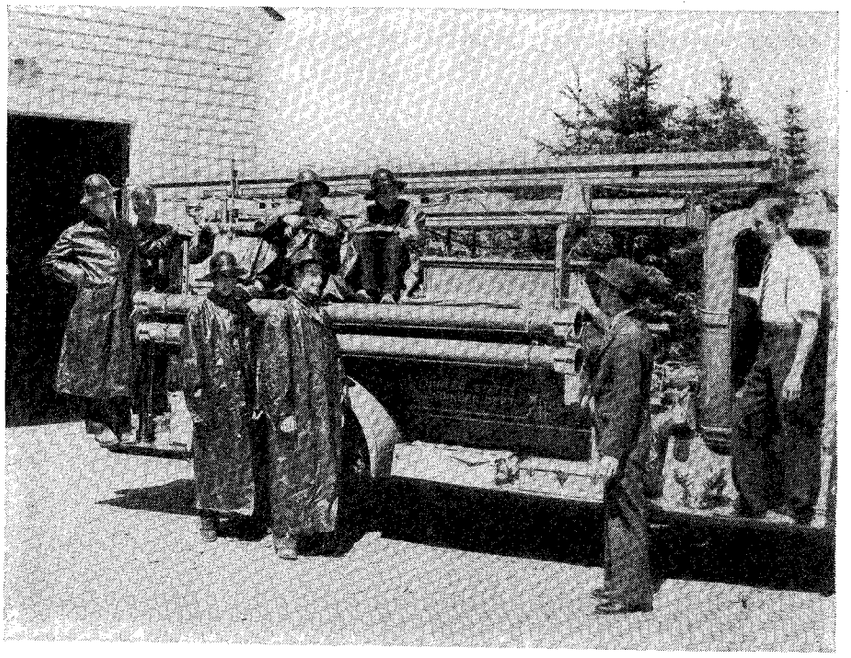
Issue—What to do with 'Quoddy has been a disturbing question ever since. At first, President Roosevelt was hopeful that Congress would relent, that work on the dam would be resumed and that the little village would be humming again. "I believe in 'Quoddy," he said on a visit to the forlorn spot last August. "'Quoddy will be completed. I hope when I get back here next year this thing will be going."

If the President does go back this year, he will find that 'Quoddy is going, but not precisely in the direction he anticipated. Its pure New England Colonial buildings still stand on the familiar site, but instead of housing 4,000 workers and engineers, they are the homesteads of 250 young men puttering around at various jobs, trying to find one they fancy.

Tenantry—Most of the boys are from New England's small-town and big-city slums. They are selected by local advisory committees. They bring their own clothes, but, upon arrival at the village, get a pair of blue overalls and an aptitude test from *Uncle Sam*.

Under guidance of Col. Henry M. Waite, Deputy WPA Administrator and specialist in vocational education, they will devote the next five months to learning to pick careers compatible with their talents and inclinations. It is estimated that it will cost $150,000 to maintain the school.

The youths are charged with maintenance of 'Quoddy Village. They paint



Wide World

Government vocational guidance at 'Quoddy . . . a future fire-chief may emerge from this department

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buildings, keep grounds in order, help with the heating-plant, run the fire department and work about the grounds or in machine-shops. They have set up their own municipal government and are publishing their own newspaper, *Ye Village Crier*.

According to Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, noted columnists, and other correspondents, the boys nearly missed their visit to 'Quoddy because caretakers of the buildings had overlooked elementary precautions during the winter.

Come-Down — "Several weeks ago," declared Messrs. Pearson and Allen in their syndicated column, "Prof. Albert Abrahamson, Maine WPA Administrator, received an NYA offer to become head of a trade-school at 'Quoddy. While considering the matter, the brilliant young Bowdoin College faculty member made an unannounced visit to the project. What he saw caused him to turn down the proffered job and the NYA to dismiss most of its staff of caretakers.

"Among the things Abrahamson found were a lot of electric refrigerators that had been left running full blast all winter at a heavy cost to the Government for juice from the local power company and scores of untenanted houses with cracked ceilings, frozen pipes, ruined woodwork and bulging walls.

"The caretakers, apparently preoccupied with a heavy round of social activities, had been too busy to turn off and defrost the refrigerators and air and ventilate the vacant houses."

Other correspondents, less forthright than the famous commentators, agreed that 'Quoddy Village had been endangered by neglect, but they blamed builders instead of the youthful caretakers.

Praise—Declaring that the model town was in excellent condition to receive the career-hunters, the United Press correspondent credited WPA Director L. Philip Theriault with the achievement.

"When he took the village over," said the correspondent, "the interiors of many of the attractive houses were in a deplorable condition, due to failure of some one to foresee the need of shut-offs for steam- and water-pipes when the village was built. Occupied, the houses would have been unharmed, but, unoccupied, as they were last winter, condensation was inevitable, and Theriault found plenty of repairing necessary."

Whoever's the fault, 'Quoddy is an item on the taxpayer's budget.

LABOR LEGIONS: Steel Strikes Marked by Rioting, Martial Law; Mediation Begun

"The country is going through labor pains."

So declared Edward Francis McGrady last week as, with martial law established in several localities and the cost of living rising in seven States embroiled in labor disputes, the sixty-five-year-old assistant Secretary of Labor returned from abroad to try to help solve the steel strikes.

"I am always optimistic about men being reasonable," he asserted. ". . . the Government will sit in, hoping to contribute something that will bring about a speedy peace."

McGrady is the Government's ace labor conciliator. When he's called in, it's generally considered that President Roosevelt is anxious for action. And for the first time last week word came from the White House that the spreading national alarm over labor disorders had penetrated the Chief Executive's office and that he was going to do something about it.

Who's Who—Initial step was the formation of the Federal Steel Mediation Board. Members were ("Let Ed Fix It") McGrady; Charles P. Taft, Jr., thirty-nine, Cincinnati lawyer and son of William Howard Taft, and Lloyd K. Garrison, thirty-nine, dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School, great-grandson of the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison.

Back from four weeks in Geneva, Switzerland, as a delegate at the International Labor Conference, McGrady — stanch friend of John L. Lewis, head of the Committee for Industrial Organization—said that Europeans believed civil war was in progress in this country. Fantastic stories in the press abroad gave the idea that both employers and workers were engaged in open warfare, using machine-guns and air-planes in the combat.

Reporters usually get more out of McGrady about a labor dispute than out of any other department member. He says things succinctly, presents two sides, holds back and remains "mum" on many matters. But he always gives the impression of being "on the level" and tries to have the newsmen get his slant.

Rights—"This is the first time the American Government has formulated a labor policy," was one of his lead-off comments as he stepped off the Cunard-White Star liner *Berengaria*. "For in the past employers have had these rights and employees never had them."

Leaving for Cleveland after a hasty stop in Washington to consult his "boss," Secretary Frances Perkins, McGrady said:

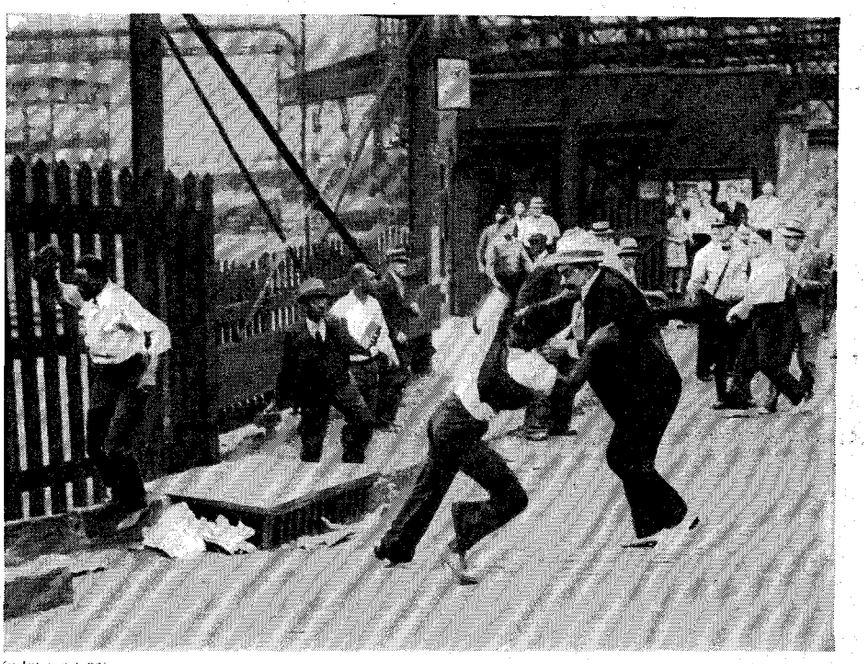
"I'm hopeful that we shall be able to obtain a speedy settlement. There is nothing in this situation that can not be solved if both sides will allow reason and justice a place at the conference table."

But the nation wondered. Had the Government acted soon enough? Had workers got out of hand? Lee Tisdale, fifty, Negro furnace-worker, died in Chicago, tenth victim of the Memorial day conflict at Republic Steel's South Chicago plant. Even John L. Lewis called off a mass meeting of C.I.O. sympathizers at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. And the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, acting under orders from Gov. George H. Earle in Johnstown, agreed to close its Cambria plant to prevent "bloodshed and violence."

Axis—Crux of the month-old trouble was the C.I.O. effort to sign four independent steel companies on the dotted line. These are Republic Steel, Inland Steel, Youngstown Sheet & Tube and Bethlehem.

To reporters at a White House press conference, President Roosevelt said that any company willing to make an oral agreement with labor should be willing to put it down in black and white.

New York's Sen. Robert Wagner, author of the Labor Relations Act and frequently the President's spokesman on labor matters, commented that the steel companies which had refused to sign contracts with the C.I.O. were "not bargaining in good faith."



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Brick-throwers and rioters held "free-for-all" on the Bethlehem Steel "front"

No Power—This provoked the New York *Sun* to reprint a letter which had been written to that newspaper by Senator Wagner on November 2, 1935, in which he emphatically asserted that the National Labor Relations Act "does not require any employer to sign any agreement of any kind." To this he added: "Congress has no power to impose such a requirement."

As for the task of the Steel Mediation Board, McGrady explained it thus:

"We begin by going in as mediators, not as arbitrators. But it's possible that the problem may be unsolved after mediation. Then, if both sides are willing, we may act as arbitrators."

John L. Lewis left Washington to consult with the Board in Cleveland and try to settle the "little steel" strikes affecting 80,000 workers. Quick settlements were urged as a result of these late events:

1. A three-hour riot outside Republic

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Steel Corporation's plant at Youngstown, where tear gas, bullets and rocks killed one picket, injured thirty-one others. A sympathy strike of 1,800 truck-drivers was called to protest police tactics in the riot. City officials ordered all pickets disarmed of clubs and other weapons.

2. Martial law was established in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and a daily pay-roll of $100,000 to steel-workers was held up by closing of the Bethlehem Steel plant.

3. Canton (Ohio) police, disarming strike pickets, investigated four men allegedly arrested near the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks with eight sticks of dynamite. Police said they were C.I.O. steel workers from Massillon.

4. Leaders of back-to-work movements asserted their determination to force reopening of plants at Canton, Youngstown and Warren as soon as local officials provided protection. They charged the strike was being pressed by a small percentage of the workers.

Pictures Inc.

Lumberjacks "up a tree" while waiting for C.I.O. affiliation

5. Van A. Bittner, Steel Workers' Organizing Committee Director for the Chicago region, maintained the steel companies "are licked" and indicated that the C.I.O. leadership would not find it necessary to broaden the strike tie-up to clamp down on the steel concerns.

"Starving"—The "captive" coal-mines of steel companies already have been shut down in an effort to cut off their fuel supply. Bittner said maritime unions on the Great Lakes could shut off the iron-ore supplies at any moment. The C.I.O. has been seeking to organize workers in the steel companies' mines.

Homer Martin, President of the United Automobile Workers, has advised John L. Lewis that his men will refuse to handle steel from struck companies if the strike is not settled soon. The United Rubber Workers have also promised aid to the steel strikers.

Hurt in the Ohio riots was Mary Heaton Vorse, writer and lecturer. She said she suffered a temple wound when she went into the area after the police were supposed to have the situation under control, adding that a truck-load of deputies began firing tear gas at shadowy forms.

"Two men in front of me went down and I fell over them," she said.

Sum total of the month-old steel strike:

Company executives maintain they are standing against a "communistic" defiance of law and order, against the closed shop and the check-off system of collecting union dues at their source.

The labor leaders insist they are fighting for guaranties of their rights to collective bargaining under the National Labor Relations Act.

In the past six months strikes have occurred on land, underground and on the sea. Last week lumberjacks at Munising, Michigan (pop.: 3,500), staged a sit-down strike in the air high up in the trees. Some 6,000 men were affected in the timber-camps.

Demands—Joe Liss, head of the Sawmill and Lumber Workers' Union in the district, was jailed when he led the lumberjacks in marches on the Alger County courthouse. He demanded issuance of relief food to maintain strikers until the lumber companies met their demands. These would include a minimum of fifty-five cents an hour, maximum working week of forty hours. Present wages in the district average around thirty-five cents an hour for fifty-six to sixty hours weekly.

After scouting around the forests, Sheriff Louis Pelletier announced the boys were all going back to work.

"THAT MAN": Ubiquitous Mr. Boondoggle Pops Up From Connecticut to California

"Mama—that man's here again!"

Popular Ken Murray, radio and stage comedian, never knew what he was starting when he introduced that now famous line.

In San Francisco last week, captains of the Bay boats were chanting it. In Connecticut, two nationally famed columnists were moaning it.

What set the San Franciscans off was the presence of an island in their beloved Bay. The island didn't jump up overnight or anything like that. It was a planned enterprise for the San Francisco Exposition of 1939. But when it began to take form in the waters back of the Golden Gate, the currents in the Bay started changing their course.

Boat captains fumed and finally authorities voted another $10,000 to study the altered currents and issue new charts.

Project—The isle is 95 per cent. completed and will cost $3,800,300. It was built with WPA and PWA funds under the direction of Army engineers. About 600 WPA workers are finishing the project, which employed about 1,000 persons at its peak. It is scheduled to be finished next week. It is reportedly the largest artificial island ever constructed.

Built on shoals from ten to twenty feet under high-water level, it will be used as the Grand Central Airport after the Exposition. The island will boast $500,000 worth of trees and shrubs, growing in ten feet of loam which is being placed on top of the sand base.

As for Connecticut—for years, (F) ranklin P. (A) dams, columnist, has been warring with authorities who want to put a road through his front yard. Now Westbrook Pegler, Scripps-Howard writer, is trying to get "that man" away from his front door.

Leer—Last week, he wrote:

"That man from the Government has been around again in our neighborhood, away from all up the country, insisting that we need a farm-to-market road and our citizens are up in arms about the matter. He was around a couple of years ago and we chased him off, but he curled his lip in a sinister leer as he went and said: 'You haven't heard the last of this, my fine friends. Nobody can defy the United States Government.'"

1,000 ISLES: It's a Hall-Mark of Opulence to Own a Pirates' or Politicians' Retreat

Next to having your name included in a list of wealthy tax-dodgers, one of the most easily recognizable hall-marks of opulence is ownership of an island.

Dotting the 4,940 miles of United States coast-line are upward of 1,000 specks of land belonging not to the Federal or State Governments but to individual American citizens.

One such is Jefferson Island, bought eight years ago by 100 affluent members of the Democratic Party and used to-day as a retreat for Senators and Representatives weary from oratory and fagged out by sultry Washington summers. This week-end a host of lawmakers will be romping over its thirty-four wooded acres and through its comfy rustic club-house bent not so much on relaxation as on the delicate task of knitting up Democracy's raveled political sleeve.

Another, famed up and down the Atlantic Coast, is Gardiner's Island, lying off Montauk Point at the tip of Long Island.

Sovereign—In 1639, Lion Gardiner, who had served his British monarch faithfully and well, was rewarded by Charles I with 3,000 acres of land in the Colonies. Unlike

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land-grants which had been handed over to other loyal subjects, this one was not a part of the Colonial mainland, but an island teeming with wild life and Indians.

According to the terms of the gift, Gardiner was made a virtual sovereign over the tract with the right "to make, execute, and put in practise such Laws for Church and Civil Government as are according to God, the King, and the practise of the Country, without giving account thereof to any whomsoever."

Through generation after generation the island passed into the hands of eldest Gardiner sons. Except to make room for farm-land and a spacious manorial house in 1774, no ax was laid to its stately oak and walnut trees. Over the years the tract became as heavily encrusted with history as its rocks were encrusted with lichen.

In 1699, the notorious Captain Kidd hove to in Gardiner's Bay to enjoy the hospitality of the manor. Upon leaving, he delighted his hosts with a gift of a bit of gold cloth which supposedly still is among the family's heirlooms. Before putting out to sea, he buried some of his treasure on the shore. It was discovered later, unearthed and sent to the Colonial authorities in Boston.

Wars—During the Revolution, the island's strategic position made it an excellent supply-base for the British fleet. During the Spanish-American War, Fort Tyler was erected on one of its points.

A fortnight ago, having belonged to the Gardiner family for thirteen generations, the island narrowly escaped passing into alien hands when it was bought by Sarah Diodati Gardiner, kept off the auction-block.

In 1920, Clarence H. Mackay, Chairman of the Board of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, leased the 3,000 acres for twenty years at a rent of $18,000 annually. To-day he maintains the property as a game-preserve, escorting hunting parties through its woods and marshes, where deer, quail and ducks abound.

As rich in game if not in history are the privately owned Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina and Georgia. The sandy highlands, the jungles of palmetto, yucca and myrtle, present a charming background for nature-loving residents of New York, Philadelphia, Charleston and Savannah who winter in this part of the world.

Warsaw, for example, nine miles long by one and one-half wide, is the January home and hunting-preserve of Henry and Joseph Parsons of New York City. Ossabaw, owned by Dr. H. N. Torrey of Detroit, contains 40,000 acres, is fifteen miles long; Governors of Georgia often are invited there to relax from official duties.

Historic—St. Catherine's, owned by Clement M. Keys of New York City, contains the home of Button Gwinnett, one of the Georgia signers of the Declaration of Independence, and reputedly is the spot where the Jesuit priest, Domingo Augustin, produced in 1568 the first book written in the New World.

On Sapelo is the palatial estate of R. J. Reynolds of Winston-Salem, while on Cumberland is the winter home of the Carnegie family.

Best known, perhaps, is Dover Hall, fourteen miles from Brunswick, Georgia, owned by prominent figures in the baseball world and abounding in deer, quail, marsh-hens, rabbits and possum.

GOOSE SQUAWKS: District of Columbia Needs Funds, But Congressmen Don't Want to Pay

A King of France once asked his Minister of Finance what the problem of taxation was. Replied the Minister: "The problem of taxation is to pluck the goose so that the goose won't squawk."

One afternoon last week, a prolonged squawk emanated from the House of Representatives and reechoed through the Capitol's shady corridors. Some of the Members were trying to get away with plucking that was far from painless.

Like most American municipalities, Washington, D. C., emerged from the depression with its budget battered into an unrecognizable shape. An unexpended balance of $18,000,000 had evaporated and in its place had appeared a deficit of $11,100,000. Early this year, the House passed a bill appropriating a lump sum of $5,000,000 to cut this deficit almost in half,

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Martin Dies . . . his head aches over taxation

dumping into the lap of the House District of Columbia Committee the problem of how to raise the remaining $6,100,000.

Reply—The Committee's answer was a deficiency bill which raised existing taxes and levied a number of new ones. The automobile-license tax of $1 was discarded and in its place was dropped a graduated-weight tax which ranged from $5 to $12 for passenger-cars, and $12 to $150 for trucks.

A second levy was one clamped on inheritances and estates, through which the District could recapture 80 per cent. of the $2,000,000 in Federal estate taxes which it had paid into the United States Treasury in 1935. The Committee's third step was to raise from 1½ to 2 per cent. the tax on premiums handed over to insurance companies by District citizens.

Since these levies were not of a particularly controversial nature, they might have got by easily. However, revenue from them would total no more than $3,500,000. To raise the balance, the Committee proposed a personal income tax starting at one per cent. on incomes of $1,000 and graduating upward to 5 per cent. on $50,000 or more, a corporate income tax of 5 per cent.

It was at this point in the plucking process that the goose squawked. To have exempted one group of government employees — Congressmen — from this tax without exempting the 127,000 clerks, stenographers and bookkeepers in the Government's sprawling bureaus would have been rank discrimination, the Committee decided, since lawmakers benefit from the District's Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments to the same extent that clerks do. So Congressional incomes came under the bill's provisions.

When the measure reached the floor of the House last week, a score of Representatives were poised to jump on it with the fury of an evangelist whose virtue has been assailed. The first, loudest and most effective squawk came from Martin Dies of Texas, who tried in vain recently to get his colleagues to investigate the sit-down strike craze. Calling upon the House to send the bill back to the District Committee without consideration, he cried:

". . . I do not propose to support any bill which seeks to place an income tax upon Congressmen, who are already taxed under the Federal law and under the State laws of many of the States. . . . I do not propose to support any measure which seeks to have the District of Columbia impose a tax upon Members of Congress in addition to all the other taxes Members are compelled to pay. . . ."

Cheers—The applause was deafening and prolonged. By a vote of 227 to 75, the indignant M.C.'s proclaimed that they preferred pocketing $25 each year to handing it over to the District of Columbia. Two days later they voted a property-tax increase to make up the lost revenue.

Topics in Brief

IT IS RECALLED that a few years ago we were told that income taxes would abolish all other taxes. Notice it?—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

NO RADICAL PARTY stays in power long. It must get out once in a while to let the conservatives pay the debts.—*C. R. Roseberry in Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

GERMANY has announced that United States has agreed to sell her helium. Why not? We've shown that we can't build dirigibles.—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

THE VIENNESE barber who won a contest by shaving a customer in eighteen seconds is so hoarse it will be a week before he can return to work.—*Washington Post.*

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS is one of the most complete libraries in the country. It contains almost any text- and reference-book available — except an arithmetic.—*Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THE AMERICAN language has speeded up 25 per cent. since the War, a public stenographer complains. Unfortunately, you can still understand almost everything you hear over the radio.—*Hartford Courant.*

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Parade

THE LITERARY DIGEST was sold last week to the Review of Reviews Corporation and will be merged with *Review of Reviews* into a new weekly magazine. The new weekly will begin with the July 17 issue. THE LITERARY DIGEST was founded in 1890 by the late **Dr. Isaac K. Funk.** The *Review of Reviews* was founded in 1891. Wilfred J. Funk has been Editor of THE DIGEST and Douglas E. Lurton, Managing Editor.

* * *

Three Russian airmen, **Alexander Baliakoff, Valari Chakloff** and **Georgi Baidukoff,** flew some 6,000 miles over the North Pole from Moscow to Pearson Field, Vancouver, Washington, non-stop. Complimenting the record-breaking fliers, President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull and Josef Stalin conveyed greetings through Russian Ambassador Alexander A. Troyanovsky, who flew to welcome the aviators Sunday. Purpose of the flight was to open up the Arctic area for commercial traffic.

* * *

In Hollywood, as is well known, they like to do things in a big way. Last week **Jeanette MacDonald** became Mrs. Gene Raymond. What a wedding! Cost: $25,000. All filmdom's *élite, semiélite and* 25,000 fans showed up. It was the first big church-wedding of movie stars in ten years —since the day police reserves were called when Vilma Banky and Rod la Rocque were wed. Right after last week's ceremony, the bridegroom fooled the bride, according to Louella Parsons of Universal Service. Mr. Raymond was supposed to take the ex-Miss MacDonald to Santa Barbara for the honeymoon. Instead, he drove her out to a new home in Bel Air. For eight months he had spent a small fortune remodeling a home and he'd managed to keep it a secret from his bride.

* * *

Rep. Charles N. Crosby (Democrat of Pennsylvania) and his Congressional old age pension bloc have decided to "retire" Dr. Francis E. Townsend on $200 a month and to incorporate their organization as the General Welfare Federation, incorporating the basic principles of the original Townsend pension plan.

* * *

Names: The Navy has picked **Seadragon, Sealion, Searaven** and **Seawolf** as the names of four new submarines.

* * *

Are police sergeants becoming bankers? Judging from what happened in Atlantic City, New Jersey, last week, checks and savings-accounts will be drawn on the coppers' home beats from now on. A Pennsylvania playboy, on a spree, went romping into the police station, tossed a wad of $5,000 at **Lt. Howard Butler.**

"Keep this for me awhile," he shouted. "I might need it to get back home." A few hours later the police phone rang. "Remember me? I left the spare bank-roll. Hold onto it for a few days. I'm having a wonderful time.

* * *

With a lot of vacant theaters around New York City, one girl found a good way to pass time and use up space. A member of the Federal Music Project, Miss **Florence Frient** snatched some sleep during a sit-down strike by stretching out over a few orchestra seats. She found the seats made a swell couch, but advised fat people that they wouldn't be able to fit in under the arms of the seats.

* * *

W. C. Fields, "nosy" comedian of the films, has no idea how much money he has. "The only guy that can tell is the income-tax collector," Fields testified under cross-examination. "I worry about thinking up gags for my pictures. I let other people worry about how much money I have." He also denied in court that he ever drank two quarts of whisky a day, as alleged. "Why, I never drank two quarts a day, not even in the good old days; right now, I'm a teetotaler," he declared.

* * *

Cornelia Otis Skinner, actress and writer, returned from England after making her first television appearance. "It was educational," she said. "I had to do my stuff in a six-foot-square booth. That would be trying for some actors, but not for me. But television sets cost $550, which is too much for the average family. And the broadcasting is limited to a radius of fifty miles."

* * *

In Paris, **Gertrude Stein,** expatriate American writer, took most of her contemporaries for a critical lashing. "Modern drama is doomed to extinction"; "nobody writes novels any more anyway" and "propaganda has no place on the stage" were a few of her verdicts. "Movies are concerned solely with slapping every novel that has been written and some that haven't on the screen so that people who are too lazy to read can see without too much effort on their part," she commented. Marcel Proust and James Joyce, in her opinion, are the only modern writers worth thinking about.

* * *

A few heads were scratched recently at the **Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization** in Boston. A woman wrote in for information preliminary to becoming a citizen. She asserted she had been a resident of the United States since 1886, "except for two years that I resided in New Hampshire."

* * *

A. C. Blumenthal, American financier and promoter, returned from England after opening up a series of hamburger-stands. "Those who ate them liked them," he stated. Along with the currently popular milk-bars in the British Isles, he believes that hamburgers may become a new rage with the English.

* * *

Irate when press photographers and reporters found him aboard the French liner *Lafayette,* **Hilaire Belloc,** English writer and lecturer, growled. "You are nothing but a stinking beast; you have the manners of a hog," he snapped at one bewildered cameraman who snapped him anyway.

* * *

They're playing **WPA-poker** at the Lions' Club of Brainerd, Minnesota. Each player buys $4 worth of chips. If a man goes broke, he's allowed to play and bet just the same until he wins a pot. Then he has chips and is back in the game. This goes on until a certain hour and then every one goes home—but no one can lose more than $4.

"Nosy" Fields . . . a teetotaler now, by gad

Pictures Inc

The Gene Raymonds . . . wedding in a big way

Acme

Miss Frient . . . reserved seats for sit-downers

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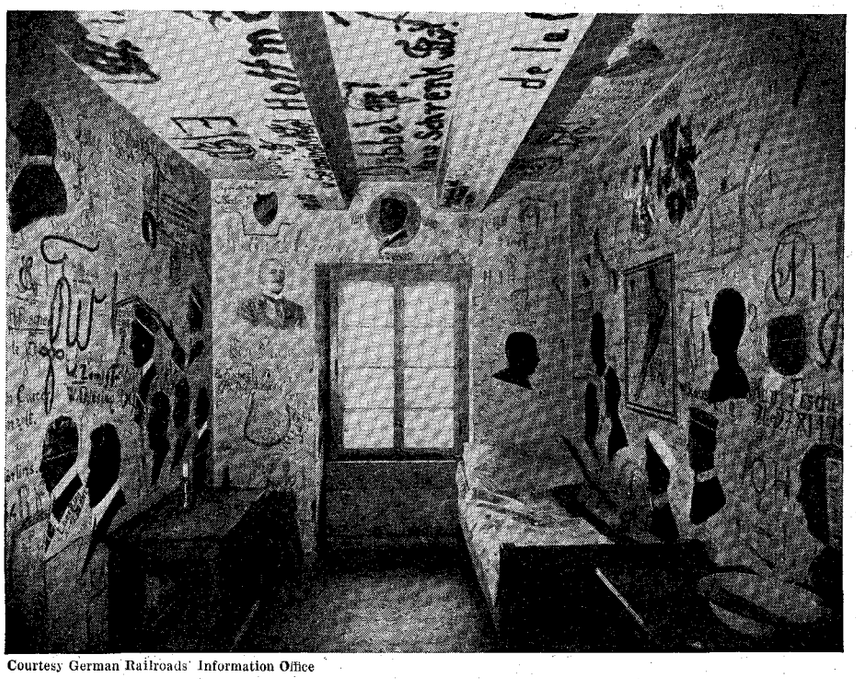
VACANT CHAIRS AT GOTTINGEN FETE

German University's Homecoming Collects Pile of Regrets



Courtesy German Railroads' Information Office

Göttingen's Karzer, where students zestfully scribbled names on the walls

This week last year, hundreds of delegates from foreign universities, among them fifty-three Americans, ignored boycotters, flocked to Alt Heidelberg to attend ceremonies marking the 550th anniversary of that historic German university's birth.

Prepared for something like old-fashioned "homecoming week," they found a surprize waiting for them from Nazi Education Minister Dr. Bernard Rust. He turned out a thoroughgoing Hitler propaganda show, from goose-stepping brownshirted students to a militant challenge to science, in the name of Nazi ideology.

The embarrassed visitors, some of whom already had had misgivings about attending, quickly realized that through their presence they were inadvertently approving the Nazi régime and doctrines.

Boycotts—That reaction probably was responsible for the slim numbers of foreign delegates who trickled into the ancient Hanoverian town of Göttingen this week to attend the 200th anniversary of its famed University. Whereas the Nazi Government had issued 3,000 invitations to Heidelberg, it sent out only 250 to Göttingen's party. Among recipients, boycotting virtually was universal.

In the United States, only the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Haverford College (Haverford, Pa.), the University of Alabama, Wittenberg University (Springfield, Ohio) and the University of Idaho accepted. All sent delegates; in the case of M.I.T., Alumnus Werner T. Schuarte, of the class of '14, who lives in Germany, represented it.

In Great Britain, where three universities sent delegates to Heidelberg, the boycott this year was complete. Holland's Leyden, Utrecht and Amsterdam Universities also rejected invitations, so did the University of Prague.

On the eve of the celebration, Werner Meyers, new head of the National Socialist Student Organization *(Deutsche Studentenschaft)*, had announced:

"The 200th anniversary ceremonies of our University await us and are for us not so much a festival as a demonstration of what we have accomplished to date. This festival will be primarily a festival of students. We will determine its character. We expect that in the future all German students will submerge their personal interests to the rebirth of German student unity under the leadership and protection of the National Socialist movement."

Studying their programs, whose events carry over into next week, the delegates noticed that they were similar in many respects to Heidelberg's: A parade of Göttingen Storm Troopers; a speech by Minister Rust, who, at Heidelberg, had said that "the new science is entirely different from the idea of knowledge, which found its value in unchecked effort to reach the truth"; addresses by strong anti-Christian and neopagan professors; track-and-field contests. On the closing day was scheduled a festival session of "the English and American cultural circle."

Founder—Founded in 1737, the University of Göttingen has had the closest ties with the Anglo-American academic world. Founder was George II, Elector of Hanover and King of Great Britain. He also established King's College (later Columbia College, New York) and the College of New Jersey, to-day Princeton University. Both Columbia and Princeton rejected, in Latin, invitations to the bicentenary, the former expressing hope for its return of freedom and the latter referring to its "glorious past."

Named the Georg-August University of Göttingen, the institution through the years has won a special character by its pursuit of philology and history on the one hand and mathematics and natural science on the other. Among its famed scholars are Gesner, von Haller, Lorenz, Gauss, Weber, Riemann and Hilbert. Most famed student was Prince Bismarck.

Known as the "great University in a small town," Göttingen lacked Heidelberg's wonderful landscape, Würzburg's Baroque architecture, but, steered by State Minister Baron Gerlach Adolf von Münchausen, it acquired a leading position among older schools in a short time. His policy was to make it a "working university" with living contact with every-day problems.

Seminars—To do this, he ordered exact research, with a great planned library and a group of first-class institutes. To-day, Göttingen is more a collection of research institutes than a regular university. There are a total of ninety such institutes and seminars.

In this way, Göttingen early became the mental bridge between Germany and the fast growing American Republic. Out of the 10,000 Americans who have attended German universities in the past 125 years, 1,400 of them have been registered at Göttingen—nearly 1,200 up to 1910.

First American discoverer of the University was Benjamin Franklin. On a diplomatic mission to London, he selected it in 1766 for a suitable place on the Continent in which American students could continue research. The first student, Benjamin Smith Barton, did not arrive until 1789.

Among others to sign the University's famed Colony Book are John Pierpont Morgan; William Emerson, brother of the philosopher; John Jacob Astor, Edward Everett, George Bancroft, George Ticknor, Elihu Root, Josiah Royce, Jacob Gould Schurman and Alanson Bigelow Houghton.

Funds—For the erection and equipment of its modern Mathematical-Physical Institute, the Rockefeller Foundation in 1926 contributed $350,000. In 1933, a Department of United States History was established.

The rise of Chancellor Hitler cut the nation's student body almost in half, abolished the old Student Corps, introduced his *weltanschauung* philosophy, hitting Göttingen like every other big school. Its student enrolment fell from 4,200 in 1933 to 1,800 this year.

It has, however, been less a center of Nazi agitation than Heidelberg and other schools. Germans emphatically deny that there is any violation of academic freedom there. Nevertheless, of the ninety full-time professors on its faculties in 1932, forty-five no longer are there. The rectorate explained that thirty of these retired on pension or went to other universities. Thirteen of them were Jews, dismissed immediately after the racial law was passed. In the United States, estimates are that at least fifty-two professors have been removed.

Requirements—Along with fraternities, the teachers' organizations long since have been dissolved. Now, to become a teacher one must have served in a labor-camp and put through a special study, obviously designed to weed out undesirables.

Moreover, the heads of the universities, formerly named by the faculties for a set period, to-day are picked by Doctor Rust's department for an indefinite time, depending apparently upon their Party standing.

The same with a student. He may

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apply for enrolment only after a similar "trick" at a camp and must bear the stamp of approval of the local Nazi district leader and the local Hitler Youth office.

To keep the student population within controllable bounds, a subtle plan was worked out. The yearly crop of students was fixed and a process of reduction begun. Of the 15,000 quota of 1934, only 9,000 of 39,000 who had passed eligibility examinations actually were sent to camp. Fewer than half of the 9,000 reached universities, as compared with 20,000 in 1932.

Leisure—With the abandonment of their old-time colorful student corps, the students to-day have taken in spare time to baiting suspect professors, drilling in brown shirts and going in for gymnastics and sports.

Even the oafish joys of being confined in the *Karzer* (student prison) for innocent pranks, with a chance to leave a charcoal head or scribbled name upon the wall (see cut) for immortality went out with the advent of the Hitler régime. Nazi prisons are no joke.

Dueling should be the premier private interest of the student, but it isn't. Banned by the Kaiser in 1901 and practised *sub rosa*, it was restored to favor legally by Adolf Hitler in 1933, has curiously languished ever since.

Ninety per cent. of the celebrated *Mensuren*, student duels which livened university life before 1933, are gone. To-day, dueling is just a sport like boating and soccer, except in cases of honor.

A big reason for abolishing the corps was that they promoted class distinctions. Expounding the new regulations, Jacob Sprenger, Reich State-holder for Hessia, expressing Nazi efforts toward leveling off the German social set-up, said:

"There is only one kind of man's honor, and that exists equally in all classes of the population."

Rules—Last week, government permission for the satisfaction of a man's honor was broadened. University alumni not only may slash at each other with swords, but may wing each other with pistols. However, students felt that the sword was the proper way to repair damaged honor.

The damage to be so inflicted, under the old custom, may be determined by the gravity of the insult. That is, the amount of protection afforded the duelist. For example, a passing remark may call for protection "up to the ears and eyes," while fighting words, *a l'Americaine*, may mean stripping to the waist. (See cover.)

Several cases through the years of death at Göttingen have been recorded. The customary instrument used is the *schlager* (saber), of which about four inches of the blade is sharpened to the tip. It is used in combat with a slashing, swinging wrist movement aiming at the cheek, which always is uncovered. Tradition has been that the more scars a student bears, the more sweethearts he is liable to have.

Method—The conduct of a duel generally is as follows: There is a director with a cane or saber who holds his blade between the two opponents, all three touching. He calls, "On guard," looks to see whether both are ready, lowers his weapon slowly and shouts "*Allez!*"—the customary term for "Go" in duels.

Each duelist has his seconds who stand by, ready to rush to their charges when the spectators shout "Enough!"

But real old-time dueling has gone, gone with the wind, say some, along with academic freedom and honest intellectualism. To many an American university man who remained at home, Princeton voiced his sentiments in its rejection:

"The sharing of these common bonds moves us to express the prayer that in this celebration of the anniversary of your beginning 200 years ago the remembrance of your glorious past may, in these uncertain times, when there are in the world so many forces unfriendly to the pursuit of universal knowledge, give to you and all lovers of true learning everywhere courage and hope for the future."

500,000 BRIDES: Japanese Girls Learn Marriage From Drudgery to Flowers

Important in the curriculum of Japan's increasingly popular government-sponsored schools for brides is a series of lessons in shaving yet unknown husbands.

Lacking a supply of prospective bridegrooms, the girls practise on each other—with dulled razors—half the class kneeling, impersonating the husbands, the other half enacting the parts of expert and dutiful wives.

As swimming strokes used to be taught without water on the parlor-rugs of America, so, in the *Jennokai-ritsu Kasei Gakko* (Prefectural Agricultural Association's School of Domestic Science), shaving strokes are taught without mortality to a single hair until the student is expert in all but the final rites of the family shave.

Scarcely less essential qualification for making a satisfactory home in Japan is deftness in massage and to prospective brides of all classes the art or science of refreshing tired muscles by manual friction is taught with meticulous care.

"A path straight to the heart of my mother-in-law," many graduates of Mme. Takata's Select School for Brides at Ochano Mizu testify that they have found this part of their schooling.

No mean recommendation is this, for in Japan a bride moves into the house of the bridegroom's family, where the mother-in-law is elder statesman and head of the house. Winning her favor is an imperative necessity; once it is won, the bride has no stancher ally.

Bonds—Political paroxysms may shake Nippon. Cabinets may come and go. Army and colonial policies may expand and shrink. But the youth of the Empire continue to marry at the rate of 500,000 couples a year.

Until recently, marriageable girls received all their preparation for matrimony from their mothers, themselves trained through generations of other mothers far more strictly in the art of maintaining contented, efficient and formally correct households than girls in the Occident.

Swift changes in the life of Nippon—which has come all the way from medieval feudalism in little more than half a century—have wrested most forms of education from the home in one generation. Last to be taken over by public or semi-public schools is training for marriage.

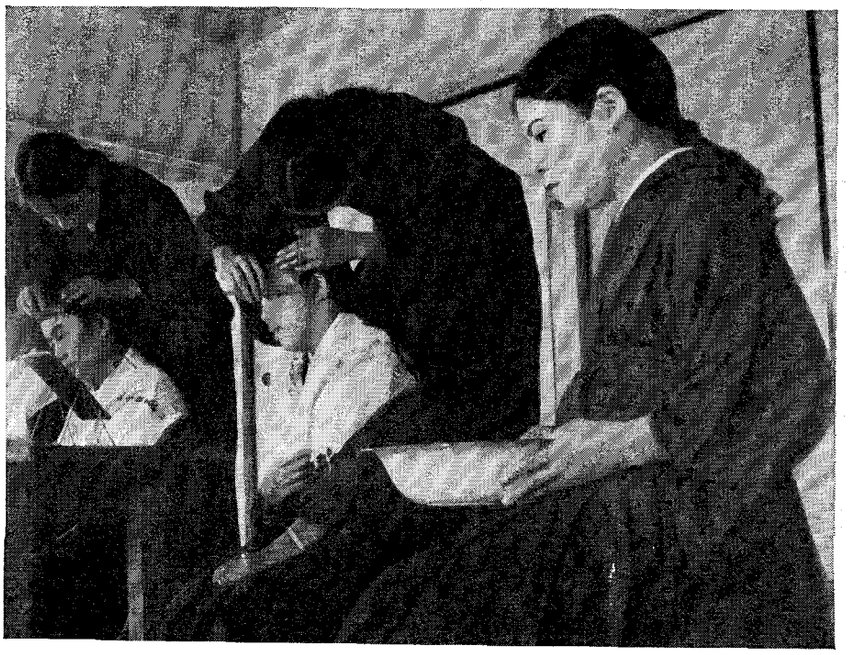
First break in the chain of home training for matrimony followed and was caused by the colonization of Manchukuo.

Pioneers—Fewer than 250,000 in 1930, the number of Japanese in the new State more than doubled in five years. Government-subsidized colonization companies are accelerating the settling of thousands of young men, largely former soldiers, in Manchukuo as farmers.

Lone men taming a new country need efficient, hard-working wives. To provide them, the Ministry of Agriculture sponsored the *Kennokai-ritsu Kasei Gakko*.

Private enterprises adapted the brides' school idea to the middle and upper classes and girls who never will leave urban comforts of the larger cities flock to them as Americans to finishing schools. Newest bride's school is that opened in the Japanese settlement at Shanghai by Mme. Tokuko Okada, former Tokyo dress-designer.

Aim—To instruct young women "in the difficult science of attaining the greatest



Pix

School for Japan's prospective brides . . . a good wife must learn to shave her husband well

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possible amount of domestic comfort on the smallest possible budget, also in the care of new-born children, cookery, dress-making, flower arrangement and other concomitants of Japanese married life," is the school's laudable aim.

As precious as an American schoolgirl's athletic letter, emblem of sports prowess, is the heavy hoe issued to each prospective bride entering the farm-bride schools. With no illusion that she is studying to escape drudgery, she applies herself to practising drudgery effectively.

Household arts, sewing, cooking and ministration to the head of the house she learns as a matter of course.

Arts—Outdoor farm labor, care of live stock, "plowing" of the rice-fields with choppy strokes of the heavy hoe, planting, transplanting, cultivating and reaping the rice are taught to her as if she were a man, for she expects to work in the fields with her husband.

Sturdy-legged, in wide straw hats and black bloomers, the farm-bride students march to the fields like soldiers and work in platoons, each commanded by a woman instructor. In smaller classes, they practise washing the pigs with scrub-brushes, for it is no part of Japanese tradition that a pig must be unclean.

Not neglected, even in girls training for the hard lives of Manchukuo pioneers, are the more delicate household arts. All must learn the traditional technique of arranging flowers in vases. For no household can be truly Japanese in which vases of artfully assorted and arranged flowers, important in the emotional life of the Nipponese, do not express the symbolism of the season, the anniversary, the presence of guests, or other occasions.

Fire-Girls—To extinguish fires with buckets of water or sand, as well as with modern chemical fire-extinguishers, such as hang on the walls of Occidental theaters and office-buildings, is part of the training of a bride destined to live under roofs thatched with rice-straw.

From the same rice-straw, she must learn to weave baskets, ropes and the floppy sun-hats she and her husband will wear in their fields.

Private schools for brides scaled to the needs of city folk begin with girls who will not have to work barefoot, very roughly equivalent to Occidental white-collar family girls. "Skilful management in making ends meet with small budgets" keys their curricula.

"Many marriageable girls to-day count on incomes similar to their fathers'," Mme. Toyoko Honda explains. "Confronted with the problem of running a family on less than a half or a third what their fathers earn, they are completely at sea. To give them practical self-confidence, we try to teach them to manage a family of three on fifty yen a month (equivalent in purchasing power to $50)."

To the Ochano-Mizu School, in the heart of Tokyo, flutter the pampered daughters of "upper society" to learn, not the drudgery of household management, but the efficient management of that drudgery, the business side of housekeeping, and, above all, its complicated ceremonial.

Japanese weddings, goal of all this intensive training, differ completely from Occidental marriages. To begin with, tho legally young people over twenty-five may choose their own partners, most marriages still are arranged by the parents, or by "family councils" of elders, with little consultation with the couple to be married.

The second difference is that marriages take place in the home of the bridegroom.

Social, rather than religious, is the usual ceremony. Nine times the unglazed earthen saké (rice-wine) cup is passed.

In recent years only has religion entered marriage. Buddhist priests evolving a ceremony hazily equivalent to that of Western churches.

Basis of matrimonial philosophy: The family is everything, the individual nothing.

"LAST DITCH": Loyalists Prepare for Counter-Attack After Bilbao Falls to Franco

Cries of *"Pan! Pan!"* (Bread! Bread!) mingled with lusty shouts of "Viva Franco!"

Bilbao's houses seemed empty as sunken-cheeked women carried their babes, buxom señoritas smiled and threw kisses at the conquerors who last week marched grimly into the proud Basque Capital.

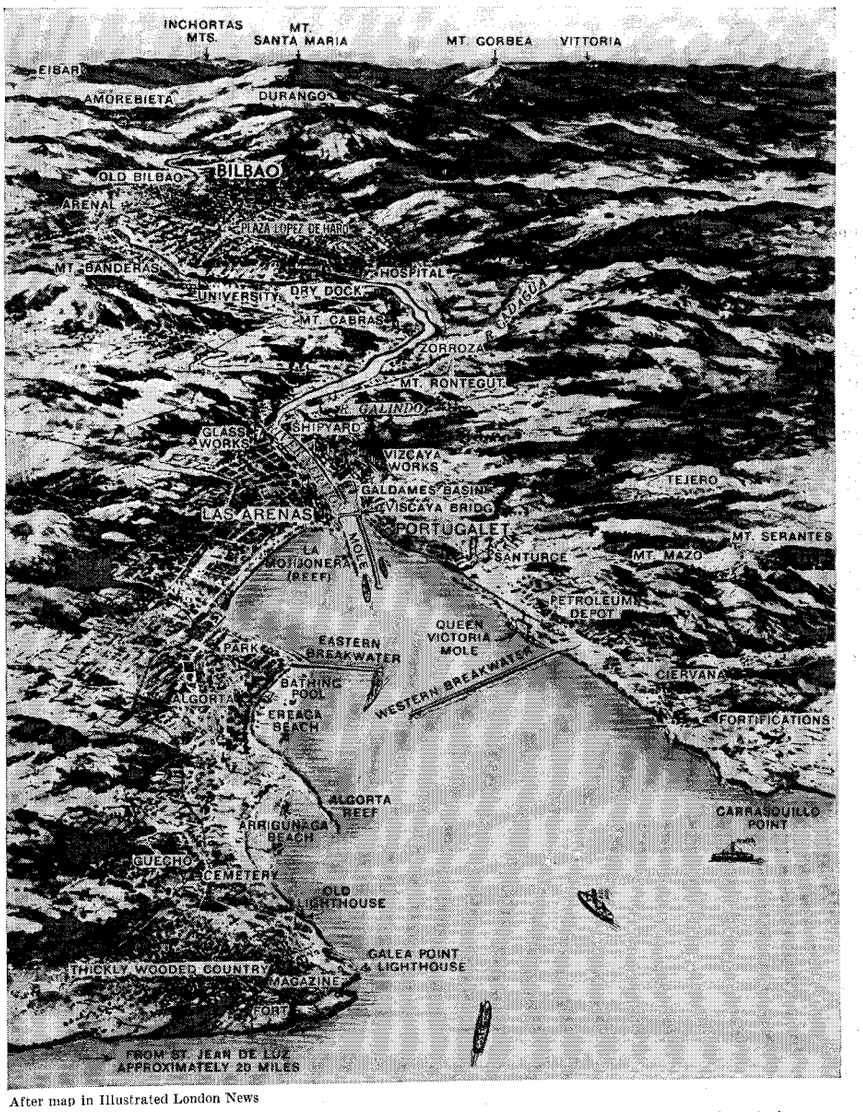
Overnight the people of the "invincible" city changed their allegiance from Loyalist to Insurgent Spain. For nine months they had been subjected to one of the most ruthless sieges in history.

Despite their "iron ring" of defenses, Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco's twelve-inch guns, his German-built Heinkel bombing-planes and Italian "volunteers" proved too much. Cut off from the rest of Loyalist Spain, the 700-year-old Basque city faced grim starvation in addition to merciless bombardment at the hands of Franco's sea, air and land forces.

Hungry—For nine months its plucky defenders, lacking an adequate air force, held the enemy at bay, while British and French food ships defied the Insurgent blockade to provision the trebled population.

Last April, the late Gen. Emilio Mola, General Franco's next in command, redoubled his siege, destroyed Guernica, Durango and many other Basque strongholds and issued a death warning to the beleaguered city. But José Antonio Aguirre, President of the Basque Autonomous Republic, vowed a fight to the finish, prevailed on the International Non-Intervention Committee to transport about 15,000 children to foreign countries and stoutly faced the enemy's superior forces.

It was all in vain, for Franco's Heinkels and field-artillery, supplementing the motorized weapons of the Italian Black Arrow units, the Foreign Legionnaires and



After map in Illustrated London News

Graphic portrayal of the terrain of Bilbao, which has at last fallen to Spanish Rebels

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Moors, blasted a vital breach in the "iron ring." Yet Franco hesitated to enter the harassed, famished city, fearing the main highways were lined with mines.

Meanwhile, Bilbao was subjected to nights and days of terror as his bombers roared over its housetops and dropped tons of explosives.

Retreat—Finally, unable to offer further resistance, the Basque Government moved to as yet unbesieged Santander, fifty miles westward.

Only then were the field batteries and bombers silenced as Franco's troops entered the city through the vaunted "iron ring."

While his electricians and engineers repaired the damaged telephone, telegraph and railroad lines, Franco hastily ended Basque autonomy and placed the whole of Vizcaya Province under his military dictatorship. With martial law established, Insurgent troops poured into the city, together with their Carlist confrères, who wore bright red berets, and *Falangistas* (Fascists) who found hearty welcome among the Basque Civil Guard, once considered loyal to the Valencia Government.

Quick to take credit for the capture of Bilbao was Fascist Italy, whose press declared that the Fascist Black Arrows were largely instrumental in its conquest.

Comment—"The capture of the Basque Capital," cabled Arnaldo Cortesi, Rome correspondent of the New York *Times*, "is regarded in Italy as a step forward toward General Franco's victory. . . . Apart from that, Bilbao is the second most important industrial center in Spain and its possession therefore is a valuable asset to General Franco."

A few days before, *Il Duce* had an editorial published in his own Milan newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia*, in which he admitted that "hundreds and hundreds" of Italian Blackshirts were killed at Guadalajara, in addition to 2,000 wounded.

Despite the loss of Bilbao, according to Herbert L. Matthews, the New York *Times's* correspondent with the Loyalists, the Negrim Cabinet now feels that "at least the worst is over and the new Government with an ever-growing army, steadily improving industrial superiority and unshaken morale will soon reach the peak of its power and start a drive for victory."

Attack—Premier Negrim, according to Matthews, has been able to line up all the political parties, with the exception of the Anarchists, behind his régime. By next October, he asserts, the Valencia Government will be able to put about a million trained soldiers and officers in the field and its air units will once more claim superiority. He concludes:

"Bilbao's fall is not considered in any way decisive."

BLACK BURDEN: Absorption of Poverty-Stricken Native States by South Africa Urged

The strong British argument against returning her former Colonies to Germany has been that while the latter had them she did nothing with them. The corollary has been a modest implication that Britain has done splendidly in the same and similar territories.

The truth, revealed by official investigators and reported to various branches of His Majesty's Government—is that in much of South Africa Britain is, to say the least, not showily successful.

Recurrent drought, world-wide depression and dislocation of world trade are produced as alibis and are good ones, but the fact remains, according to Sir John Harris, writing in the British *Contemporary Review*, that "From Nyasaland in the North to Table Bay the whole position of the natives is drifting into a chaos from which the natives, and not the natives alone, are the sufferers. . . . Over and above all is the relentless process of driving the native ever lower down the scale . . . a degraded helot in the development of his own soil."

Citation—Prize exhibit of successful Colonial administration before the War was Basutoland, "Switzerland of South Africa."

For half a century this lush, mountainous little Protectorate and its vigorous, upstanding Basuto tribesmen were the pride of British imperialism.

The size of Belgium, Basutoland exported wool and mohair in quantities producing budget surpluses year after year. Its administration was able to spend more per head on education and internal development than any other area in Africa.

Basutoland built itself networks of telephones and telegraphs, raising $250,000 for various War funds and a gift of $200,000 to buy planes. It was, moreover, able to grant substantial loans to other native governments.

To-day, according to a report by Sir Alan Pim, Basutoland presents a gloomy picture.

Germany buys almost no wool now.

Slump—Wool exports have dropped to less than a fifth of their 1923 total of more than $2,500,000; and the rugged Basutos now have to leave their country to sell their muscles in labor-camps, mines and other demoralizing and unhealthful employment outside.

From Nyasaland 50 per cent. of the males migrate long distances to seek livelihoods in unhealthy mining-centers.

Almost as large as Italy and France combined is the Bechuanaland Protectorate. It is surrounded, east, north and south, by vigorous and progressive white civilization, but, according to Pim, "deterioration in the quality of the cattle, largely due to insufficient water-supplies," has depressed the economic life of the Protectorate until the young have no resource but the "sale of their labor . . . outside the Protectorate."

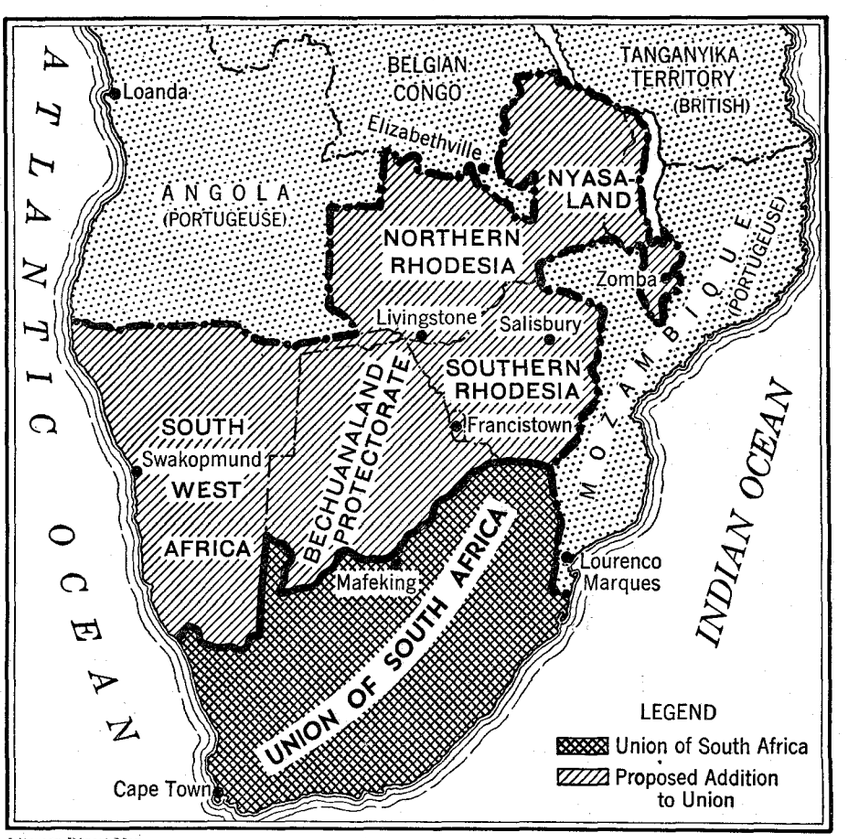
Greatest needs are wells and irrigation which would enable the natives to exploit an almost unique ability to raise fine live stock and to produce high-grade dairy products for which there is great demand in surrounding territory. Meanwhile, says Sir Alan, "the economic outlook of the inhabitants gets worse every day."

People—Thirteen million natives live under white control between Northern Nyasaland and Cape Town.

"None deny to-day," says Sir John Harris, "that for the most part the natives south of the equator are impoverished relatively as never before in native history; none with intimate knowledge would deny that they are almost broken in spirit and that their native institutions have been largely destroyed."

Under the Act of Union of 1910, the Union of South Africa was empowered, under certain conditions, to absorb the Protectorates. Often has the Union's No. 1 statesman, Gen. Jan Christian Smuts, reiterated:

"Let us make one big South Africa . . .



Literary Digest Map

Greater Union of South Africa longed for by Pretoria statesmen

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rule the country from Table Bay to the Congo and even beyond that."

During the period of South Africa's prosperity pressure for extension of the Union was strong and steady. In 1935, British Secretary of State for Colonies J. H. Thomas, pressed by South African Prime Minister Gen. James Barrie Munnik Hertzog, drew up specific conditions for the transfer of the Protectorates from the British Crown to the South African Union. Such transfer would create a State as large as Argentina and Uruguay, with blacks outnumbering whites more than five to one.

Assumption by 2,000,000 whites of responsibility for 11,431,771 blacks of many races and tribes, at a time when poverty and hunger among the natives are catastrophic, might be expected to dampen the ardor of the stoutest expansionist. Certainly, according to Sir John, the absorption must be slow, surrounded by multiple precautions and watched closely from London.

IRISH IRE: Bitter Words Bounce Over Constitution With Semi-fascist Clauses

They debated the Irish Constitution in English. Even President Eamon de Valera, who wrote the document first in one language and then the other—he refused to say which was first—defended it in the "second official language."

Yet, the decisive copy for the courts is in Erse, national and first official language, tho most Irishmen are unable to speak it fluently.

Former President William T. Cosgrave, Opposition leader, leaped up in the *Dail Eireann* to attack this pretense.

"It is alleged," he said, sarcastically, "that a great blow has been struck for the Irish language in this Constitution. As a matter of fact, the Irish text is a mere translation of the English. The Constitution was thought out and framed in English by the President. It was discussed in English by the Cabinet, as there are not two members of the Government capable of discussing it in Irish. I say no good purpose can ever be accomplished by this pretense, by endeavoring to say something has been done which in fact has not been done."

Erin—President de Valera made only one compromise. In response to wide ridicule, the unhumorous politician permitted the name for the country to be Ireland, not the official Gaelic Eire.

But for liberal Irishmen the new Constitution presents more serious problems than these innocent hypocrisies. A fantastic blend of the American and French Constitutions and Italy's Corporative State, it provides for a President with power to name the Prime Minister and the Council of State (Cabinet), to veto laws, command the defense forces and pardon criminals. Tho he may not be sued in civil or criminal courts, he may be impeached by a two-thirds vote of Parliament.

That body consists of the Dail (lower house), elected by proportional representation, and a Senate copied from that of *Il Duce's* in Italy. Of its sixty members, eleven will be appointed by the President on his Prime Minister's advice, six will be elected by the universities and the remainder will be chosen by national language, agricultural, labor, commercial and social service groups.

The Constitution recognizes the "special position" of the Roman Catholic Church, whose communicants outnumber the members of other religions more than eleven to one. The Church, however, will receive no State subsidies and other faiths now existing in Ireland are permitted.

Freedom—Liberals' greatest fears centered on the restrictions hinging in the Bill of Rights.

"The State guarantees liberty for the exercise of the following rights," the document reads, "subject to public order and morality: The right of the citizens to express freely their convictions and opinions. The education of public opinion being, however, a matter of such grave import to the common good, the State shall endeavor to insure that organs of public opinion such as the radio, the press and the cinema, while preserving their

Wide World

De Valera defended Irish constitution in English

rightful liberty of expression, shall not be used to undermine public order or morality or the authority of the State. . . .

"The right of the citizens to assemble peaceably and without arms. Laws, however, may be enacted to prevent or control meetings which are calculated to cause a breach of the peace or to be a danger or nuisance to the general public."

Again borrowing from Fascist customs, the Constitution broadly hints that in the new Ireland, woman's place is not in business. "The State recognizes that, by her life within the home, woman gives to the State a support without which the common good can not be achieved. The State shall therefore endeavor to insure that mothers shall not be obliged by economic necessity to engage in labor to the neglect of their duties in the home."

The Constitution absolutely prohibits divorce and refuses recognition to divorces granted abroad.

Split—It also breaks the last ties with Britain and abolishes the office of Governor-General. Completely disregarding the King and the British Commonwealth in which the Free State has Dominion status, the document says:

"For the purpose of the exercise of any executive function of Eire in or in connection with its external relations, the Government may, to such extent and subject to such conditions, if any, as may be determined by law, avail or adopt any organ, instrument or method of procedure used or adopted for the like purpose by the members of any group or league of nations with which Eire is or becomes associated for the purpose of international co-operation in matters of common concern."

From these ambiguous phrases, observers believe that, having banned Britain's place in internal politics, Ireland will play along with her and the Commonwealth in foreign affairs.

The Constitution insists that Ireland includes the Northern Counties still linked to the Crown, but admits that, for the time being, laws will apply only to Southern Ireland.

In spite of the Opposition's bitter attacks on the new Constitution's Fascist tendencies, President de Valera's well-controlled Dail passed it by a vote of sixty-two to forty-eight, left its final fate to a national referendum.

GHAZI'S GIRL: Turkey's Flying Joan of Arc Ends Revolt With One Bomb

A modern Joan of Arc astride a bombing-plane roared over the hill-country of Turkey last week to pay a debt of gratitude to her adopted father, Ghazi Mustafa Kemâl Atatürk, President of Turkey.

The comely twenty-two-year-old Sabiha Gueukchen Hanum, a graduate of the Ghazi's Military Aviation School of Eski-Shehr, dropped the bomb that hit the hide-out of Seyyid Riza, leader of the insurrectionists. Heartened soldiers of the Turkish President-Dictator concluded the mopping-up. In the name of progress, 5,000 hillmen were killed.

Reform action of the Ghazi seldom has dripped blood. Having cleared the War-born Republic of 1,200,000 Greeks and Armenians by deportation and exchange, Atatürk years ago began his "modernizing" of the Turkish people. The old fez and turbans disappeared; the Arabic alphabet gave way to Latin script; women shed veils; secular education replaced centuries-old Koranic schools.

Rebels—Opposition was most stubborn in the hill-country. Superstitious, insular, tho brave as lions, the Kurds of Turkey have fought all reform. When Atatürk laid down his program, they paid him lip-service, meanwhile sending their mollahs (religious dignitaries) to beg and intercede for survival of their laws and customs.

Twelve years ago, their mollahs aroused the Kurds against the central Government, demanding that the Califate Atatürk had abolished be restored. Atatürk answered with lead, rounding up rebels for the hangman's rope.

Yet Seyyid Riza last week succeeded in whipping hill-tribes into a religious fighting fervor, recalling verses from the Koran to justify his jahad (holy war).

Three months ago, the bearded Seyyid Riza, backed by all the modernity-hating tribes of Dersim, informed Atatürk's Government at Ankara that they would resist

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compulsory education, which they considered contrary to the tenets of Islam.

Nor would they tolerate, their ultimatum said, Atatürk's introduction of local administration, the building of bridges, roads and other civilized devices calculated to make them a servile people. They liked their old customs and primitive ways; they asked to be let alone.

Reply—To their angry refusal to give up their firearms, allowing the Turkish courts to mete out justice which would not be based on tribal traditions, but Western law, Atatürk answered promptly. Within a few days, his Regular Army units, gendarmerie, tanks and bombers, were battering at the mountainous redoubts.

Meanwhile, the modern Army surrounded the rebellious mountaineers, cutting them off so that not a scrap of news leaked out to the wires of the world.

The Kurds, firing with outmoded arms, sniped and ambushed and ducked as fleet bombers whizzed overhead, spraying them with lead. Tho they died like flies, they held their ground.

Chance — This spelled opportunity for young Sabiha Gueukchen Hanum. Commissioned in the Turkish Flying Corps, she had been leading the movement in Turkey to allow women to join the defense service on a par with men. Already, women had a constitutional amendment giving them the same civic privileges.

And Sabiha, with the luck of Joan of Arc, dropped a bomb that hit the hideout of Seyyid Riza, killing him and many of his lieutenants. As well as establishing the military ability of women, she had turned the course of the war. Kurdish women, reading an evil omen in their chief's death by a man-made thunderbolt, howled "Kismet!" How, otherwise, could a mere infidel-made contraption slay the descendant of the Prophet? (Seyyid is the title given to all Moslems who claim descent from Mohammed or his immediate family.)

So, discouraged by their wailing wives, the Kurdish warriors laid down their arms, saw their homes torn down.

Proud as Atatürk himself at Sabiha's exploits, members of the Kamutay (the Turkish Grand National Assembly) cheered the news of her triumph. As one man they approved the proposal of their Premier, Gen. Ismet Inönü, to accord her the Republic's highest honor.

Blushing, the maid received the Flying Cross, while the press proclaimed the second revolt of the Kurds against the might of Kemâl Atatürk was ended.

101 GUNS: Crown Prince Born in Bulgaria Is Named for Heroic Czar Simeon

It was 5:45 A.M. In the faintly Russian city of Sofia, men in night-caps threw up their windows angrily. Dark-eyed women with disarranged hair peered over their shoulders. The gunfire that awakened them roared on and on and sleepy Sofia remembered slowly that Queen Ioanna, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy and wife of Czar Boris III, was in Clementine Hospital, awaiting a child.

Subjects counted the shots carefully. When the gun fired the twenty-second time, the city went wild. A boy! Long before the last of the 101-gun salute had rocked Sofia, Bulgarians knew that the Queen had borne the heir they desired so anxiously.

Their Majesties have another child, four-year-old Princess Maria Louise, but under the Constitution a woman can not inherit the Throne. The King's only brother, previously his heir, is not married.

Festival—Men in brown, skin-tight trousers and embroidered shirts and women in multicolored costumes thronged the yellow-cobbled square outside the unpretentious palace. Responding to their cheers, Czar Boris, tall, blue-eyed and beaming, stepped out on the balcony to thank them.

"I pray," he said, "that my son and heir may be spared to rule over this country as a good king."

As provincial garrisons boomed the good news throughout the country, loyal peasants drifted in with presents of flowers, eggs, chickens, lambs and suckling pigs.

The Czar decreed a national holiday and

© Keystone

Czar Boris III of Bulgaria, a simple monarch

for three days the country rang with a favorite song, *Nie Sme Vesela Kompania* —"We Are a Jolly Company." Cafés poured out gallons of vodka, the principal drink, and boza, a sirupy millet compound which sells for a cent and a half. In the garden restaurants, where shepherds play the flute for entertainment, even the politicians neglected their usual intrigue to celebrate the baby's birth.

Name—Boris announced that the Crown Prince would be called Simeon, after a great tenth-century Bulgarian Czar. He made no announcement concerning the christening, a sore point in Sofia and Rome.

The Vatican always has held that under the dispensation by which the Greek Orthodox King married the Roman Catholic Princess, he promised to rear his children in the Roman Church. Princess Maria Louise was baptized by a Greek prelate. Catholics have charged the ceremony took place while her devout mother still was unconscious, tho records prove the baby was two days old at the time.

It seemed unlikely, however, that Boris would permit a Roman ceremony for the child, for he often has called the Greek Church the one "to which Bulgarians owed their liberty in the past and round which they have decided to work in the future."

The King's simplicity has made him one of the most popular rulers in the Balkans. When his daughter was small he frequently was seen wheeling her carriage in the palace gardens. American tourists occasionally have praised an unknown driver who stopped to repair their stalled cars so modestly that it was only later they learned the Czar had been their mechanic.

An expert locomotive driver from childhood, he joined the railway men's union. Since the abdication of King Edward VIII of Britain, who qualified as a bill-poster in Australia, he is the only union King in the world.

Simplicity—The Queen, educated like her sisters in cooking and other household arts, is as unpretentious as the Czar. Immediately following her marriage, she won the hearts of the official welcoming committee in the Sofia station, who hoped she would be happy in Bulgaria, by her impulsive reply: "Oh, I am sure I will, because I love my husband so very much."

Active in charitable works, she once paid a visit to a school where a little boy was scheduled to hand her a bouquet. Unlike shy English children, who sometimes burst into tears when their big moment with royalty approaches, the young Bulgar stood his ground.

Unimpressed by the Queen's plain clothes, he cried: "No, no! She can not be the Queen." Ioanna promised to come back another day and bring her crown.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Bombay—Eighty-eight cents a month a person is all millions of persons in India spend on food, according to a report issued by the Government of India. This buys, each day, one pound of rice, ounce of milk, ounce of dried and two ounces of green vegetables and half an ounce of oils and fats. Pointing out that this diet is not only ill-balanced, but insufficient, the report indicates that a well-balanced diet on the same scale could be bought for $1.80 a month.

* * *

Avignon, France—Reviving the Provençal Courts of Love of 700 years ago, natives of the region about Clermont l'Herault this summer will hold tournaments of song in the language of old Provence and in the manner of contests by the troubadours of the middle ages. Ceremonies and pageantry in the medieval tradition will give the "courts" their ancient setting.

* * *

Buenos Aires—Witch-doctors and merchants of magic spells and love-potions thrive in Argentina, despite police campaigns to stamp out this survival of medieval medicine. Forty-two were arrested in one week. Some had made fortunes out of the black art. One had sold more than five tons of garden-weeds as magic herbs.

* * *

Singapore — Judged "unsuitable for Malay audiences," the film, "Green Pastures," has been banned in Singapore. The island is twenty-six miles long by fourteen wide, inhabited by 428,000 Chinese, 69,000 Malays, 9,118 Europeans.

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"SOUL SURGERY"—NEW BRAIN FOR OLD

With Tumor Out, Intelligence Slumps, But Acumen Soars

Horatio Alger prudently endowed his earnest young heroes with proletarian forebears, a humorless tenacity and large amounts of industry in order that they might strive and succeed, work and win.

Alger would have done better had he sent his heroes to a brain-surgeon for the removal of a few ounces of gray matter. A week ago the most extraordinary success formula on record was reported to the convention of the American Medical Association by Dr. Ward C. Halstead of the University of Chicago:

A business man who was a failure as a stock-broker developed a brain-tumor. By a delicate operation, three-fourths of his brain's left frontal lobe was removed.

For a short time he was insane; then, recovering, he was discharged from the hospital. He talked himself into a job as salesman for a company manufacturing a product he knew nothing about.

Sales—Within a week he landed $250,000 worth of orders. The company had to enlarge its plant. The man with the fractional brain soon was made top executive of the firm. Now, he is a millionaire.

The removal of his brain-lobe did not increase his intelligence. On the contrary, his intelligence decreased as his business success increased. Doctor Halstead drew no industrial moral, merely reporting that the operation left the man with a complete lack of self-consciousness and an utter insensibility to fatigue.

His energy was tremendous. A secondary result, according to the patient's wife, was that the loss of part of his brain made him a more pleasant husband.

Another case reported was that of a man who had part of his brain removed and made $500,000 in the stock-market while in a Washington hospital.

A few years ago such cases would have been surgically hopeless. The brain was one of the last organs to come within the surgeon's purview. The War, with its frightful quota of head-wounds, and the motor-car, with its accident product of cranial injuries, made the brain an important subject for modern surgery.

Study—Science has learned a good deal about the brain since the turn of the century. Perched atop the spinal column, the brain resembles a mass of moist gray dough.

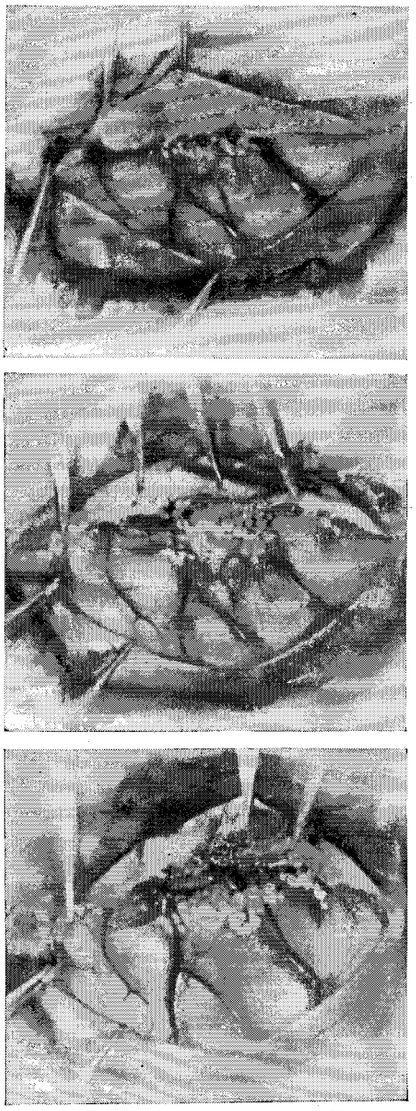
The brain of an average white man weighs about three pounds and its size varies little with individuals. The average weight of a woman's brain is some five ounces less than a man's, but tho it is smaller, there is no scientific proof that a woman's brain in any way is inferior.

A large brain does not necessarily indicate superior intelligence. A bruiser standing six feet four in his stocking feet may have a bigger brain than a five-footer, but the big bully is not necessarily any brighter.

What actually seems to govern intelligence is not the weight of the brain or the intricacy of its convolutions, but the blood-supply reaching the organ. Dr. Henry H. Donaldson recently told the American Neurological Association that high intelligence usually implied a rich network of blood-vessels supplying the brain with a high quality of thought-fuel.

Persons don't grow more intelligent after they reach twenty, but the brain continues to grow until they are fifty or sixty, according to Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, noted anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution.

A great dome-like cranium something like the fantastic heads that artists like to attribute to visitors from Mars will be required in the remote future to house the evolving human brain, in the belief of Dr. Frederick Tilney, Columbia University professor of neurology.



From New York Medical College, associated with Flower — Fifth Avenue Hospital

Step-by-step records of an operation on an epileptic brain in a study in which 243 patients have been operated on in nine years.

Top—Photograph shows thin, granular growth on surface of brain, binding cerebral cortex (gray matter) to the dura mater (outer covering): This growth produces constant tugging on brain, resulting in periodic convulsions or epilepsy.

Center—Beginning surgical separation of adhesions.

Lower—Complete separation: Photograph indicates how the growth constricted veins and interfered with normal circulation near the motor-area of the brain—the area which, when irritated, produces convulsions.

Cases like that of a thirty-eight-year-old woman who gets along intelligently with only half a brain help scientists to probe cranial mysteries. The case was reported to the American Psychiatric Association by Dr. Stuart N. Rowe of Pittsburgh.

The woman's brain, in effect, was split lengthwise and the entire right hemisphere removed. Her left side was paralyzed after the operation, but in a few weeks she regained control of her muscles, becoming perfectly normal mentally except for a slight loss of memory.

Seat—Intelligence, long regarded as being located in the frontal lobe of the brain's cortex, doesn't reside there at all, Dr. Leland B. Alford of St. Louis told the same meeting of psychiatrists. Studies of numerous case-histories led him to conclude that the seat of intelligence (for right-handed persons) is a small area in the middle portion of the brain's left side.

One of the most useful properties of the brain is the amount of punishment it can take. The Harvard Medical Museum displays a skull with a hole in it one inch in diameter caused by a crowbar. The weapon was driven through the man's skull. He lived for years, eventually dying of old age.

Center of all sensation, it is the brain which tells its host that he is being burned, pinched, cut or smacked on the jaw. Yet, brain-tissue is without sensation. It can be prodded, cut, probed or electrically stimulated without even local anesthesia.

Parts—The main divisions of the brain are the cerebrum, considered the thinking part; the cerebellum, lying at the back base of the brain, and the medulla oblongata.

Anatomists break down subdivisions of the brain into units of extreme complexity. The layman usually is interested in the principal kinds of substance out of which the brain is made: gray matter and white in both cerebrum and cerebellum.

Gray matter is useless in running such important organs as the heart, lungs, diaphragm; the thinking part of the brain can not control digestion, manufacture blood-cells or operate the intestines. Dr. Charles Macfie Campbell of the American Psychiatric Association declares that various parts of the body really are separate brains and participate in the act of thinking, the brain being a vast switchboard.

Billions—The number of impulses which the brain-cells must shunt to one another staggers the imagination; as a switchboard, the human brain holds the all-time record for possible wrong numbers. The gray matter alone contains about 9,000,000,000 cells, the underlying white matter several times that number.

It has been calculated that the number of possible cell-connections—the organization of thought—is the figure one followed by 15,000,000 zeros. It would require thirty 250-page books to print this figure.

The act of thinking is extremely formidable, as neurologists describe it. Under a microscope, the cerebral cortex is seen to be made up of a vast quantity of tiny cells, some apparently the ends of long nerve-cells passing up from underlying white matter, others long cells lying parallel to the surface.

These latter are believed to be paths of association. Through them, various sensory impressions stored in "memory"—that is, other cells—are connected. Something we see, hear or smell may prod a whole

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series of cells into consciousness, creating a memory-picture, swaying our judgment, driving to suicide or showing how to make $1,000,000.

Symptoms—Knowledge of the brain is vastly added to by modern surgical technique in operating on brain tumors, for the brain is an extremely common site for these.

Symptoms are varied and numerous. Persons with tumors of the frontal lobe usually exhibit levity, prankishness and excitability. One woman appeared at a New York clinic complaining of lack of appetite, headaches and difficulty in chewing.

After describing each symptom she would giggle and make a laughing remark as if her troubles were a huge joke. That attitude confirmed the diagnosis. An operation was performed, a huge tumor was removed from the right hemisphere of the brain and the patient returned five weeks after hospital discharge to report complete recovery.

The most difficult case of diagnosis in this same clinic was one in which the patient, a woman, showed practically no symptoms except jocosity. The problem was infinitely complex because she was the wife and working partner of a vaudeville comedian and no one could be sure whether her wise-cracks were symptoms of disease or professional ad libbing. However, an operation disclosed a sizable brain-tumor which was removed successfully.

Cases—Usually, diagnosis is not difficult. A study of the network of arteries at the back of the eye often reveals evidence of intracranial pressure which is one of the earliest symptoms of brain-tumor. Headaches, reduced muscle tonus, slower reflexes, vomiting, loss of sense of direction and a peculiar irresponsibility are other symptoms.

One executive showed defective vision for six months, puzzling his secretary by failing to see things she held out to him. Then he began constantly to veer to the right as he walked, colliding with objects he was trying to pass. He returned to his desk in excellent health after a tumor of the left hemisphere had been extirpated.

Modern brain-operations frequently are performed with the patient sitting upright in a chair, much as if he were at the dentist's. Local anesthesia is all that is required, since the scalp-tissue and blood-vessels of the dura mater ("skin" of the brain, toughest of three membranes which enclose it) are all that need to be anesthetized.

Technique—The scalp is peeled back to expose the bone of the skull, which is cut through with drills, burrs or a ring-saw. A large piece of the skull, sometimes the entire top of the head, is laid back like a hinged box-lid.

Care must be taken to bevel the edges of the cut bone so that the osteopathic flap, as the lifted piece is called, will not fall back through the hole when replaced. The edges also must be notched to prevent sidewise movement when replaced. Scars from such operations scarcely are visible.

Actual operation on the brain-tissue is done, for the most part, with blunt instruments. Tumors of the outer brain-layers, which may be visible the moment the skull is opened, can be lifted out by working the fingers underneath them, pulling them loose as one would work a small stone loose from the earth.

Removal of a tumor does not leave a permanent "hole" in the brain. The latter expands in a short time to its normal size.

The patient is seated upright for two major reasons. First, it makes work on the brain easier, since much of the cutting is done on top of the head. Second, it helps prevent excessive bleeding.

Types—There are two general types of brain-tumor. One is the removable sort, called a meningomania, a more or less solid lump of tissue entirely separated from the brain's substance. The other type is the glioma, a soft, infiltrating type of tumor which spreads through the brain in such a manner that often it can not be removed without taking portions of the brain itself.

In inoperable cases, where the tumor is so situated that it can not be removed without fatal injury, a vent often is made in the skull to relieve pressure. The instant the bone-flap is cut, the brain swells into the opening from pressure underneath.

Surgery—A comparatively new technique in brain operations, somewhat fancifully hailed as "soul surgery," a process of cutting away sick parts of the imagination, developed out of Yale University experiments with chimpanzees. Animals which had the frontal lobes of the brains removed refused to lose their tempers when they failed to solve a mechanical problem of getting food out of a box, altho normal chimpanzees with whole brains went into screaming rages.

A Portuguese doctor, Moniz, attached to a mental clinic in Lisbon, read of these results and pondered on possible applications. A number of his patients were extremely unhappy, weeping at their own misery; many wanted to die to escape imagined agonies.

Doctor Moniz prevailed upon a patient to let him operate. He cut a small hole in each side of the skull, just above the hair-line, reached in and carefully injected a little alcohol in certain brain-centers. In fifteen days the subject showed improvement. The desire for death disappeared. Doctor Moniz tried it on nineteen other patients. In the last eight cases he removed cores from the frontal lobes by use of a specially designed instrument similar to a tonsil-snare.

Persons suffering from hallucinations, complexes and fixations are benefited greatly by such operations, Drs. Walter Freeman, James W. Watts and Ralph W. Barris of Washington reported a week ago to the A.M.A. convention.

SUMMER HAZARDS: Best Cure for Poison-Ivy and Snakes—Keep Away From Both

One sure way of adding zest to the family picnic is to plank down the sandwich-hamper in a clump of poison-ivy or alongside the favorite sunning-rock of a rattlesnake clan.

Both emergencies are first-rate summer hazards, but the prudent hiker need not fall a victim to either, any more than he is forced to acquire typhoid by drinking from a contaminated spring just because it happens to bubble pleasantly near-by.

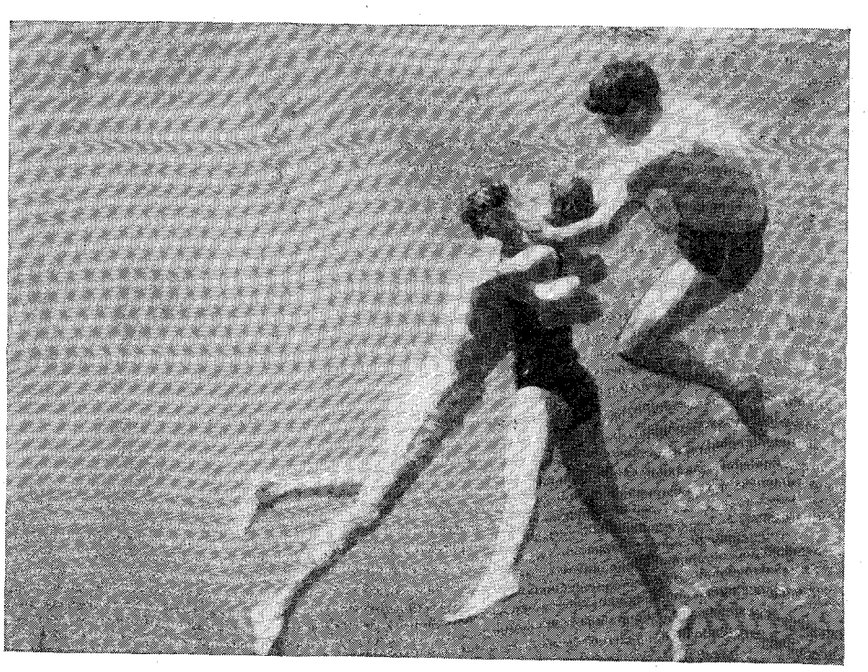
Best cure for poison-ivy is: Recognize it and keep away from it. The plant can be identified easily by its three glossy leaflets and its white berries.

Poison-ivy is one of the most widespread weeds in the East, causing more human pain and discomfort than any other plant, according to a warning bulletin issued last week by the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station.

Spray—Poison-ivy can be eradicated from lawns rather easily. A solution of three pounds of common salt in a gallon of soapy water, sprayed on ivy-leaves at this season, kills the plants effectively. Old lubricating-oil thinned with kerosene is effective.

If one is exposed to poison-ivy, poison-oak or sumac, a thorough and repeated washing of exposed parts with a strong alkalin kitchen-soap is effective in preventing development of poisoning. Extracts of poison-ivy and poison-oak are available for injection as preventive measures or treatment of early cases.

These extracts are 1,000-to-1 solutions



Acme

Life-savers practise tricks . . . precaution against the many summer drownings caused by hypersensitivity to cold

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of the toxic principles in plants. Two small injections, administered within an interval of a few days, protect many subjects from plant-poisoning.

Extracts can be taken by mouth or added to the daily bath when recommended by a physician.

Serpents—Rattlesnakes are feared rather beyond their just deserts. Of course, they are a hazard, but only one in ten persons would die from rattlesnake bite if they had no treatment whatever. Much depends on the kind of rattler, the poison of some species being sixty times as powerful as others.

Whisky, time-honored snake-bite remedy, is not only useless, but dangerous. Potassium permanganate, carried by many hikers in bottles along with a hypodermic syringe, never helps in the least, according to Lawrence M. Klauber, curator of reptiles of the San Diego Society of Natural History. Cauterization likewise is useless.

The rational, simple remedy is to keep the poison localized and get it out of the tissues as quickly as possible by suction. Mouth-suction should not be used if there is any possibility of the toxin's entering the blood-stream of the rescuer.

Tools—Most useful equipment for snake-bite protection is a bottle of iodin, a sterile razor-blade in a bottle, a cup-and-suction-bulb and rubber tubing to encircle the limb above the bite and cut off circulation. Stout leather leggings should be worn in rattlesnake country.

If bitten, apply the rubber-tube ligature not too tightly, release for a minute or two each quarter hour. Paint the bite area with iodin, make incisions with the razor-blade at each fang-puncture and about the swollen area and draw off fluid for half an hour with the rubber suction-bulb. Anti-venin can be employed, but against certain species of rattlesnakes it has not been found effective.

Hurts—Wounds acquired far from medical aid can be sterilized by washing in soap and water, then applying iodin.

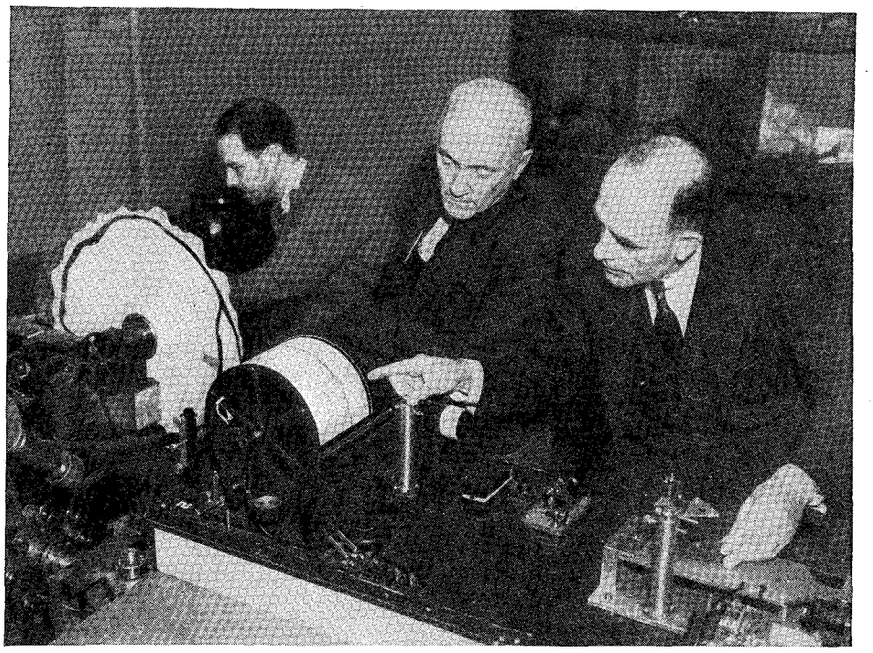
Drowning, a too-common summer hazard, may not be caused by accident or inability to swim so much as by hypersensitivity to cold in certain cases. This is the possibility advanced by investigators at the Mayo Clinic, who report that cold can produce tissue-changes like many another allergen and may cause symptoms of collapse in susceptible persons.

Sensitivity can be determined by immersing the hand in ice-water for five minutes; if swelling of the hand occurs after it has been removed, the indication is that the individual is hypersensitive to cold. Desensitization can be accomplished by immersing the hands in cold water for one or two minutes twice a day for three or four weeks.

EARTHQUAKES AHOY:

Terrestrial Convulsions Predicted as Scientists Test New Recorder

With the Coast and Geodetic Survey jittery over possible earthquakes which the mass of water piled up behind Boulder Dam may cause and many another expert predicting that the United States is approaching a peak of earthquake activity, the task of designing quake-proof buildings has become a problem of the engineer.



Professor Ruge, Captain Heck and H. E. McComb inspect M.I.T.'s earthquake machine as it actually records a tremor . . . warning that America is not immune from subterranean shock

Last week, seismologists of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology obligingly turned on an earthquake machine which artificially reproduced the motions of an actual quake. Object: to test a strong-motion earthquake-recorder developed by the Geodetic Survey.

The workaday purpose of the machine is to inform engineers of the nature of terrestrial convulsions, in order that they may learn how to design shock-proof structures.

Belts—No region of the United States is immune to quakes, altho the two principal earthquake-belts of the world girdle the Pacific and Mediterranean. After a careful study of statistics, Dr. William Herbert Hobbs, professor of geology at the University of Michigan, warns that a devastating earthquake may be expected once each hundred years in the territory east of the Rockies.

Confirming this prediction, J. J. Creskoff, consulting engineer of Philadelphia, recently reported to a convention of building engineers the results of a statistical analysis of destructive earthquakes occurring in the United States during the past 300 years, asserting that an active phase of this country's earthquake cycle seemed to be approaching.

Square or rectangular buildings resist quakes more successfully than E, H, L or U-shaped structures. A correctly designed foundation and rigidity are important in quake-proof buildings.

Proper protection against seismic assault now adds about 5 per cent. to the cost of a building.

Cause—Whirling through space, the earth loses heat from its white-hot interior, according to a widely accepted theory of the cause of earthquakes.

This causes the earth's inner core to shrink, wrinkling the crust of the globe as it contracts.

Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar, famed volcanologist of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory, recently proposed the creation of an international institute of terrestrial research to act as a clearing-house for seismic and volcanic data in an effort to reduce the $200,000,000 property destruction and the 40,000 lives annually charged to earthquakes. Future disturbances will take a greater toll of life, he believes, because of population pressures which urge men into new areas.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Tooth Test—People who want to know how fast their teeth decay can get the bad news in a hurry with a new test developed by Northwestern University Dental School. Saliva from the testee is introduced into a test-tube containing a weighed mass of powdered human tooth-enamel. After four hours at body temperature, the saliva is separated from the enamel particles and analyzed quantitatively for calcium. If there is little or no calcium change in the saliva, the lucky subject is immune to dental decay. But if the calcium content is considerable, an edentulous old age is indicated.

* * *

Medicines—Americans don't mind taking their own medicine. The Department of Commerce reports that Americans spent $292,681,000 in 1935 for "patent" medicines and druggists' preparations. This, the Journal of the American Medical Association points out, is one-fourth the sum paid annually to physicians for professional services.

* * *

Miss Anatomy—Whether a transparent woman is better box-office than an opaque one with detachable plaster organs is a problem to which the New York Museum of Science and Industry will soon have the answer. The museum in five months attracted 350,000 customers to view its transparent woman. Now it has a plaster "Miss Anatomy" on display every hour, on the hour, with a master of ceremonies to tell all about the liver, stomach, lungs and 100 other parts as they are progressively removed. Museum workers can even unhitch a leg muscle, take her heart apart and lift half her brain out of her cranium.

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PIGSKIN, PALET AND PHILOSOPHY

Zuppke Paints Nature, But Sees Living Pictures on Gridiron

"Art and athletics have a lot in common!"

Football aspirants to next year's University of Illinois squad were surprized last week to hear Coach Robert Carl Zuppke tell a group of reporters about his painting. As a matter of fact, there was a rumor about the campus that the latest in signals was being taken from surrealism and that to be a good quarter-back you had to know Modigliani, Picasso and Matisse.

The first shock over, the Illini huskies didn't bat an eye as their mentor rambled on about art.

"Almost every one I meet here seems to think it strange that a man associated with athletics should be an artist," he said. "In football it's easy to tell a vigorous person by the way he plays. In art, a vigorous person will express himself by drawing vigorous pictures."

Some of the boys on the squad decided that the best thing to do was to find what "the little Dutchman" was driving at. So they went down to the Palmer House in Chicago, where twenty-one of Zuppke's paintings were being shown at a one-man show. More than 1,000 others had viewed the show. Critics were appreciative in their reviews.

Praise—Said Eleanor Jewett in the Chicago *Daily Tribune:*

"Enthusiasts of those far places will revel in Zuppke's presentations of caves, hills, trees and deserts.

"They are well drawn, well composed and excellent in color. It is a far cry from the football stadium to the painter's palet, but Mr. Zuppke has accomplished the step gracefully."

Zuppke will celebrate his fifty-eighth birthday next week. Altho he was born in Berlin, his painting is of the vigorous, American type. His scope is rugged landscapes, deserts, forests, mountains—a few marine subjects. In recent years his emphasis has been on Arizona subjects, as he has been passing a month or so in that State after the football season closes.

Works—He has always wanted to paint and has completed approximately 150 canvases, altho he has no record of their whereabouts.

After he was graduated from the University of Wisconsin (B.A.), Zuppke went to New York with a dim idea of studying art. He got a job as a sign-painter and still talks about how he worked high over Broadway on a swinging scaffold. In spare time he visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Then he was offered a job as coach and teacher of history in the Muskegon, Michigan, high school.

Zuppke has been outside the so-called Bohemian and artistic environment all his life and knows few artists. Indirectly, he may have been influenced by his home life as a boy, since his father was a designer of jewelry and music and poetry were part of the home's atmosphere.

With almost no formal instruction, he first dabbled in oils watching a sign-writer in Milwaukee. One of the first Zuppke works was a political sign bearing the face of Theodore Roosevelt for use in a Presidential campaign.

In Milwaukee's public schools, Zuppke took the conventional drawing courses, frequently winning prizes. The instructors said he had "punch."

Then he attended the Chicago Art Institute for one summer. All his early work was done in black and white.

Winner—All his life Zuppke had been thinking about painting, absorbing scenic material from trains, cars and boats. He thinks he is just beginning to find himself as a painter. Football always will be his first interest and responsibility and in his thirty-one years as a coach he never has let art interrupt his gridiron activities. These activities have been quite intense, for the records show that his teams have won 119 games, lost fifty-six, tied ten. The Illini elevens of 1927, '28, '29 were national leaders.

"Football is a brutal game," Zuppke contends, "but brutes can't play it. Notice the unconscious rhythm of a back-field as it shifts—or the charge of a lineman as he feints and drives to block an opponent. No jerky, awkward movement there. The action is smooth and rhythmic. It's the same in a picture."

The painter-coach finds that both football-players and painters have one thing in common—rhythm. Muscular coordination is a requirement, too, for the artist as well as the athlete, Zuppke contends.

"Touch is the thing in both," he says, "strong hands have the lightest 'touch.' When you're playing golf and lose your putting 'touch' you can putt the ball all over the green and not come near the cup. To paint a picture you must have 'touch,' too. You must be accurate and precise with the stroke of the brush."

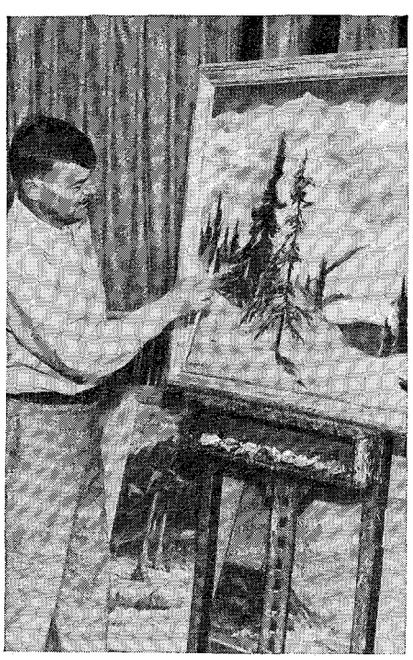
Zuppke's methods are radically different from those of the conventional painter. He doesn't sit down on some river-bank and paint. Reason: The shadows constantly move and shift.

Jabs—He prefers to work rapidly with colored crayons in his sketch-book to capture the colors before they change.

Back in his studio, Zuppke recreates the scene. Color, he maintains, can be remembered the same as music. He works rapidly. After laying in the drawing in charcoal, he sometimes finishes a painting in four hours. This speed, he believes, enables him to retain a continuous mood and preserve a certain "loose abandonment" instead of the stiltedness which might result if he worked on and off at a canvas.

But art never has stood in his way as a coach. He never has missed practise in all his long career except when out of town, scouting another team. He takes his art with him, however, right on the football-field. Every shift of his back-field is a picture; every line plunge a new variation.

"Is there any more beautiful picture than eleven fine specimens of youth, graceful and coordinated, running out on a football-field?" Zuppke asks. "After all, they present a living picture of everything the artist tries to capture. Beside them painting is just an imitation of life."



Courtesy U. of Ill.

Wide World

Illinois' football-coach, Zuppke, displays a flair for art . . . matching his tackling ability

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DOODLE DOPE: Automatic Writings Collected Reveal Mental Patterns of the Great

"But *everybody* doodles!"

So Gary Cooper, as Longfellow Deeds, in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," defended himself. He wasn't crazy because he drew squares and circles on scraps of paper—he was just doodling.

Thus, into the national consciousness, came a habit which has wrecked more phone-booths and table-cloths than a dozen tornadoes. To Russell M. Arundel, newspaper man and publicist, it brought an idea. He began to hunt the doodles of the prominent as others sought autographs.

From a score of conference tables, Arundel picked up the envelops and scraps of paper which lay deserted beside overflowing ash-trays. When his collection totaled

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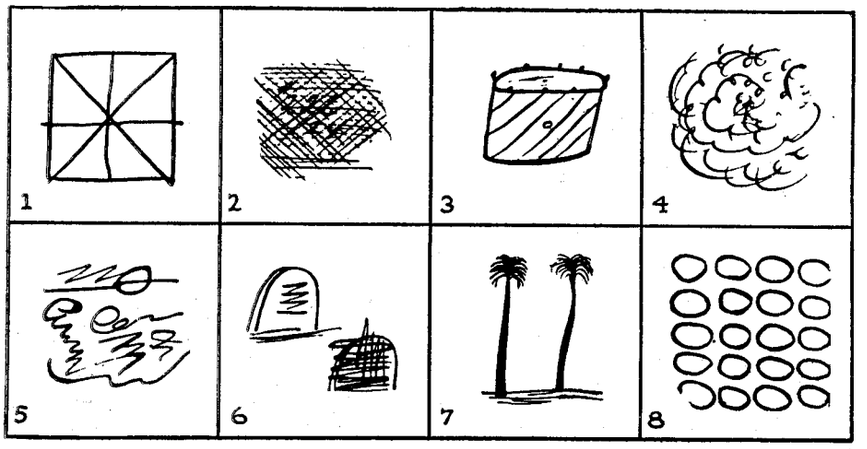
twelve Presidents, the Roosevelt Cabinet and half the Senate, he published the aggregation as "Everybody's Pixillated." (Little, Brown; $1.50.)

No. 1—First doodler of prominence was George Washington, who embroidered the edge of his copy-book with checkered squares to reveal himself to posterity as "meticulous, generous, studious and well-balanced." Benjamin Franklin, despite Colonial scarcity of writing materials, devoted some of the margins of his "Autobiography" to profiles, shadings and looping lines.

President James Madison covered what odd paper he could find with sketches of his family tree. William Henry Harrison, ninth Chief Executive, exposed an undeveloped bent for architecture in innumerable sketches of houses and door-frames.

To psychologists, none of this was news. Long familiar with doodling—technically known as automatic writing—they have studied carefully the scratchings of the unwary for years. To the psychologists, doodles are the expression of the subconscious mind.

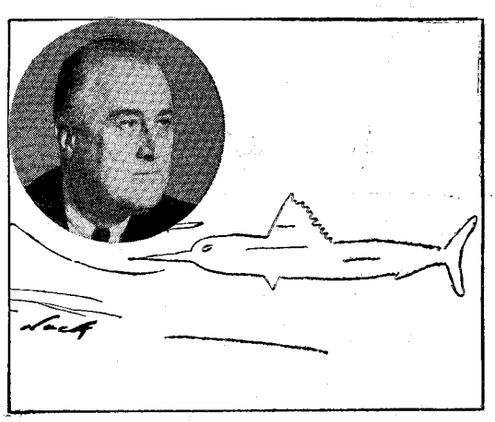
When a man is busy telephoning or conferring, his hand wanders to pencil and paper and he sketches without thinking. So, the subconscious expresses itself in written form and gives the psychologist something tangible to analyze.



1) Done singly, you are practical in a simple sort of way. Squares tied together—very practical
2) Most secretive. Probably not inclined to trust others readily
3) You are easily disturbed by sounds: dislike noise: probably very nervous
4) A pattern of this kind, speedily executed, denotes impatience: you hate procrastinators
5) You are most careless and impatient: you make decisions too quickly
6) You have a solemn nature and a morbid fear of death: probably timid
7) Woman: pleasantly feminine and well-balanced. Man, fond of outdoors; like animals and flowers
8) You are most orderly and exacting and expect others to be so

Familiar in the annals of automatic writing is the case of Marvin Shores, of Maryland. When the United States entered the World War, young Shores took his entire wealth of $7,000 in gold and silver and buried it on his grandfather's farm. Then Marvin Shores enlisted in the Army.

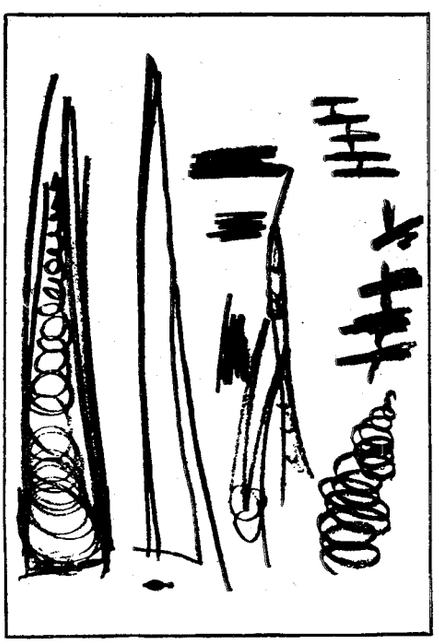
Before the end of the War, Shores was gassed severely. On his return home, he found his grandfather had died and his own memory was too weak to inform him



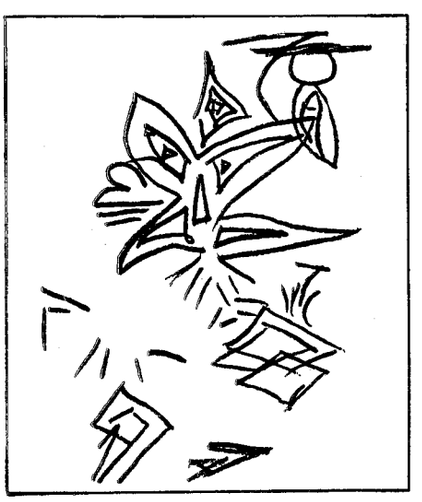
President Roosevelt: Likes sports and outdoors, sense of humor

Mr. Deeds: "It's just doodling!"

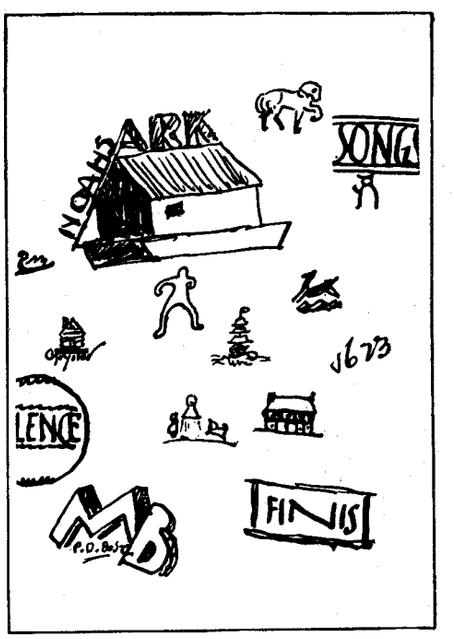
Mrs. Roosevelt: Open-minded, kind, cheerful, even-tempered



John L. Lewis: Determined, self-confident and stubborn



Duke of Windsor: Shy, likes outdoors, dislikes crowds



Major Bowes: Exacting, serious, good organizer, precise

Sketches from "Everybody's Pixillated": Courtesy Little, Brown & Co.

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where the treasure was buried. Digging proved fruitless, so the young man sighed and counted the money lost.

Then, one night, months later, Shores sat playing poker with friends. A phone-call came for him and Marvin Shores doodled as he talked.

By chance, a friend watched him and confronted the War sufferer with the scrawl. Sure enough—Marvin Shores had made a map with "x" marking the spot where his fortune lay buried. Recovery of the money was a simple matter.

Symbolism—Few doodles are as lucrative, but, through careful analysis, trained psychologists can uncover valuable clues about patients. People who sketch swords, barbs, hanging figures have a tendency toward cruelty.

"O-fillers" have a fear of open spaces, while folks who draw wavy lines show a dislike of open water. Doodles of arrows or steps ascending indicate ambition. Rough drawings of cubes or squares point to a logical, common-sense type of person.

From the Arundel collection and analysis, some little-known facts about well-known people appear. By his doodle, the late President Calvin Coolidge was: "precise, pensive, kindly, a lover of dogs." United States Sen. Royal S. Copeland, from a doodle done in a highly technical committee hearing, is revealed as a patient, imaginative man, not blessed with a love for detail. Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace pictures a highly accurate, well-organized mind by his rough octagonal doodle.

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Dust-Bowl—"The Tree Falls South."—By Wellington Roe. (G. P. Putnam; $2.50.) This is perhaps the first time that the tragedy of the dust-bowl has been brought into fiction. As Roe's story opens, a dust-storm is in full progress. A farmer, his wife and children are huddled in their clapboard house. It is midsummer and tho the heat is intense the windows are closed and the window-ledges are stuffed with paper to keep out the brown silt flying through the air outside. Sweat runs in silt-brown rivulets down the faces of the family as they wait for the end of the storm. The storm ends and they face their dust-drifted farmyard. From this point on, they fare ill. Ultimately, the whole family is broken up by a tragedy which might well overtake any farmer today. Unfortunately, the second half of the book is not as well written as the first. Nevertheless, it is a book which should be read by every one concerned with one of the country's chief problems.

Purely Mental—"A Mind Mislaid."—By Henry Collins Brown. (Dutton; $2.) Well known in New York City as a teller of gossipy tales of the turn of the century, Henry Collins Brown for years worked toward the establishment of a museum for the city. Finally, the great day came, he was made head of the Museum of the City of New York. Then, at sixty-five, a younger man replaced him and the shock and disappointment were too much for the former director. He "crashed." Going to a mental hospital, he spent three years recovering his balance. It was a long job, but he did it successfully. His book is an account of his stay in the Bloomingdale Hospital, the people he met and the experiences of his stay. An interesting introduction has been written by William Seabrook, author of "Asylum."

Health and Beauty—"Take Care of Yourself."—By Jerome W. Ephraim. (Simon & Schuster; $2.) This is one of the soundest of the recent books on something you can do for and to yourself. Ephraim goes into the latest and safest methods of home-care. His information includes: Tooth-powder isn't better than tooth-paste, styptic-pencils will stop bleeding from a razor-cut, but a wet hot towel applied with pressure is just as effective. Other discussions feature weight-reducing methods, sun-tanning, so-called pain-killers, treatment of hang-overs—in fact, anything needed to take care of yourself.

Germany—"The Third Reich."—By Henri Lichtenberger. (Greystone; $3.) A distinguished Alsatian professor examines the whole structure of the present German Government. He is impartial in his survey and whatever partizanship enters the work comes from the pen of his translator, who adds sharp foot-notes and appendices of his own. Professor Lichtenberger's conclusions deal principally with the prospects of Franco-German peace.

"The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism."—By Robert A. Brady. (Viking; $3.) Less impartial than Lichtenberger is Associate Professor Brady of the University of California. He goes very fully into the matter of German labor organization and points out that the German Labor Front in reality is a control device of the largest manufacturers, that the Labor Trustees who are supposed to guard the workers' interests are shams, about-facing as the employer deems necessary. For the American reader, Brady's book is interesting because it has greater relevance to the whole problem of labor trouble so important to every one.

Life Story—"Bulwark of the Republic; A Biography of the Constitution."—By Burton J. Hendrick. (Little, Brown; $3.75.) During its lifetime the Constitution has had some ups and downs which for the most part are forgotten by the average citizen. Amid a deluge of books on the Supreme Court and the Constitution, Burton J. Hendrick's is one of the most thorough and most readable. Written before the present Court-enlargement crisis, it has a significance beyond mere timeliness.

Washington—"Capital Kaleidoscope."—By Frances Parkinson Keyes. (Harper & Brothers; $3.50.) The wife of the former United States Senator from New Hampshire adds to her growing list of literary successes a book of Washington figures and their doings in the feverish post-War years, 1919 to 1931. Many side-lights are cast upon the big people in the nation's Capital, including a romantic story of Senator Key Pittman and his wife. The Senator was mushing along in the Alaskan wilderness when he saw a dog-team approaching from the opposite direction. Since he had the right of way, he didn't yield the track until it was too late and before him lay a prostrate figure bundled in furs and tangled in sled-reins. Key Pittman was angry, he started to swear until he saw the fur ball was the loveliest of young women. Then followed a romance as James Oliver Curwood might have written it.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Chihuahua.—"B. W. E.," Edmonton, Can.—This is the name of a northern inland state of Mexico, and the name of its capital. The pronunciation is *chi-wa'wa—ch* as in *chin*, *i* as in *police*, first *a* as in *art*, second *a* as in *artistic*.

Jordan.—"J. E. J.," Visalia, Calif.—The name *Jordan* is a Christian transliteration of the Hebrew *Yardén*, which means descendant, or one descended. It was brought West from Palestine by the Crusaders, and has been traced to the river *Jordan* which flows or descends into the Dead Sea. In England the name has been traced to Canterbury and Huntingdon, and was known there in 1230. Its pronunciation when spelled with an *I* or a *Y* is *ee-or'dan;* when spelled with a *J*, it is pronounced *Jor*, never *Jer* nor *Ger*.

Junior.—"E. R. N.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—Emily Post in "Etiquette" says: "It is improper for a man to continue adding Jr. to his name after the death of his senior. In the same way it is improper to continue calling a boy John Smith 3rd if either John Smith or John Smith Jr. has died. 'Junior' always means the son or grandson of a man of the same name; 2nd means the nephew or cousin of a man of the same name."

reins, reigns.—"L. R.," Bronx, N. Y.—That which is established in English as an idiom based on the figurative use of a practical application is not subject to modification. "To give the *reins*" (to a horse) is to allow it free motion. Here the *reins* referred to are the means of guiding, controlling, or regulating so as to check, curb, or restrain. This idiom dates from before Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost," act v, sc. 2—"*Reine* thy tongue." . . . "I must rather give it the *reine*." It is also to be found in Lydgate's "Reason and Sensuallyte" (about 1420).

The *reins* of government are not *reigns* of the sovereigns of any land, and there is no sense in such a combination as "free *reign* to indulge" anything, for a *reign* is not allied to a *rein*, the first being derived from the Latin *regere*, to rule, *regnum*, rule, and *rein* is from the Latin *retineo*, hold back.

shire.—"J. M. S.," Tampa, Fla.—The pronunciation of *shire* in *Shropshire* in the sentence, "I am a native of New Hampshire, my parents were from Shrop*shire*, England," depends upon when "my parents" left Shropshire, for the son would naturally accept their pronunciation of the county. A hundred years ago, Shrop*shire* (riming with *fire*) was accepted as equally correct with Shrop*shire* (riming with *fear*), and the pronunciation riming with *fir* was not recognized. It is only in comparatively recent years that *fire* was supplanted by *fear*, that *fir* appeared and is, in turn, gradually supplanting *fear*.

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FROM BRIGHT LIGHTS TO RED BARN

Summer Theater Doesn't Make Much, But Stars Get Tanned

Is your cow getting strange ideas?

A couple of farmers got mad last week because their live stock didn't behave according to Hoyle. The farmers knew there was something wrong because the critters began keeping late hours and wanted to sleep all day. The cows became temperamental. They wanted to be *Ophelias* and *Desdemonas* when milking-time was near.

That's understandable — the summer theater is here again.

Thousands of actors over the countryside are rehearsing plays. Scene-painters and stage-managers are driving chickens and pigs away from their usual haunts.

The summer theater is a movement which grew out of the depression, according to the Actors' Equity Association. To be sure, plays have been offered in the "provinces" during warm months for many decades, but never before have so many people working in the theater packed up overnight bags to invade empty barns and garages.

Jobs—Hollywood motion-picture companies spend thousands of dollars watching these summer-theater achievements. Some critics follow the activities to fill their daily columns; others dislike the extra work, maintaining that the rural theater has nothing worth while to offer. Despite all unfavorable comment, the principal virtue of the summer theater is work for thousands of people.

There are summer theaters everywhere. In California, there are pageants, pilgrimage plays and outdoor revivals of Greek tragedies with well-known stars. In Central City, Colorado, Ruth Gordon will be seen this summer in a production of Ibsen's "The Doll's House." In St. Louis, the Municipal Light Opera Company gives a series of operettas every summer which bring an astonishing number of dollars to the box-office.

In the New England and midatlantic States, however, you find the real activity as *Thespis*, humidity and mosquitos clash. It's a wise landowner who knows whether or not he'll find a bunch of actors doing Shakespeare in his back yard.

Idea—Most colorful of all the summer histrionic enterprises is the Barter Theater at Abingdon, Virginia. Back in the spring of 1933, Robert Porterfield, actor, decided he wanted to act during the summer and the Broadway prospects weren't any too bright.

Other actors had the same ideas.

Porterfield didn't have any money, but he knew of a building in Virginia—formerly the Stonewall Jackson Female Institution for Women—which was empty and available. So, with a lot of nerve and no money, Porterfield gathered together a troupe and decided to give shows, to pay for which those attending could give whatever they chose.

Porterfield's crew decided to call the enterprise the Barter Theater. People could pay for seats if they had the money (fifty-five cents to $1) or they could exchange something at the box-office.

Squealing pigs, cackling hens, home-made corn-liquor and ears of corn were passed over the counter for admission to see a Noël Coward play, Shakespeare or any show the troupe happened to have ready. The good idea almost became a bad one because the actors weren't accustomed to eating so much. One actress complained that her fare was so good her health wouldn't stand the strain of hamburgers, quick coffees and chop-suey back on Broadway.

Victuals—The first season saw a profit of $4.60, some jars of Abingdon's finest preserves and a set of canes carved from coffin-wood—the contribution of the village undertaker.

Now in its fifth year, the Barter group of twenty-five enthusiasts has two companies which tour Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. No one's going to retire on the profits as yet, but Porterfield intends to continue.

Several well-known performers have approached him about playing in his shows, but they can't figure out as yet his type of salary check at the end of the week, something like this—four pounds of ham, two bags of potatoes, three chickens and some bootleg corn-liquor.

No one knows how many summer theaters there are. They pop up and disappear with surprizing irregularity. The Actors' Equity Association lists eighty-two "regulars" for last year, employing 750 actors.

The WPA Federal Theater has caravans all over the country employing several thousand more.

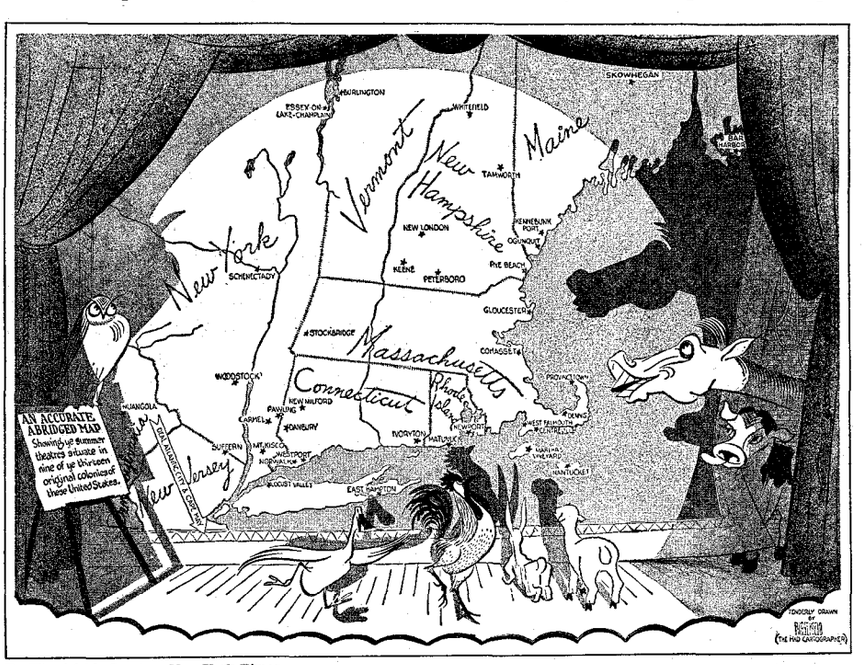
Try-Outs—Most playwrights jump at the chance of having one of their plays tested by the summer groups, but very few of the plays so tried out ever have gotten anywhere.

Motion-picture companies have a whole corps of scouts combing the summer field for new talent, but even when Hollywood has poured thousands into summer production of plays, the results seldom have lived up to the effort.

Quite a few Hollywood stars want to take a fling at the legitimate theater this summer. Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn are mentioned. Whenever they try to explain their intent, they point to Burgess Meredith and Bette Davis as shining examples of what can be done in the summer theater.

Most famous of these theaters are at Westport, Connecticut; Skowhegan, Maine; Newport, Rhode Island; Provincetown, Massachusetts, and Mount Kisco and Locust Valley, New York.

The Elitch Garden Theater in Colorado has a summer season of successful plays with distinguished casts. The Pasadena Community Playhouse is presenting a cycle of plays entitled "The Story of the Great Southwest" which will revive seven works written about that part of the country.



By Hirschfeld, Courtesy New York Times

With us once more are the summer theaters, about to start their seasonal wooing of the Muses in rural temples scattered through the East, approximately noted as above

MARX CINEMANIA: Three Shrewd Comedians Put Together Another Fiesta of Lunacy

The three meadowlark Marx Brothers, crazed loons and shrewd comics, follow the successful "A Night at the Opera" with another maniacal fiesta of lunacy: "A Day at the Races" (M-G-M).

Marx fanatics will accept it as among their best, others will find it a superior, mad comedy running largely to the violence school of humor.

There is more threaded plot, less unplanned spindrift in this Marx item, with the result that, on occasion, the picture runs into length. Director Sam Wood and Producer Max Siegel have provided the daft three with a direct story of such flexibility that their major insanities are employed without hobbling the pace and spirit of the picture.

Story—Groucho is a Florida horse-doctor summoned by a wealthy hypochondriac

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"Crazed loons and shrewd comics," the Marx Brothers present themselves in hilarious form

to come to a sanatorium which is about to be engulfed by debt. The hypochondriac believes *Doctor Hackenbush* is the greatest physician alive and will not only cure her, but bring profitable patients to the hospital.

Chico is a handy man around the place. Harpo is jockey at a local race-track. A crooked business manager for the establishment, a gambler, a siren and a tenor in love with the girl who owns the sanatorium, supply the plot points.

Funniest scene in the picture is where Chico sells Groucho a tip on the races which turns out to be in code, which necessitates purchase of a code-book, which necessitates purchase of a master code-book, which, in turn, compels purchase of a breeders' guide and so on, until Groucho is bankrupt, loaded down with turf-books and Chico has enough money to make a bet of his own.

Allan Jones sings effectively, Maureen O'Sullivan accomplishes the work of looking pretty in a rôle so slight it is scarcely more than a wisp, and there is a ballet sequence by Vivien Fay which is interesting, if eyes can stand watching the swift twirls without flinching.

"A Day at the Races" is pure Marx cinemania and in its daftest, most hilarious form.

LASH & CHAIN: "Slave Ship's" Plot Strung Together With Brutality and Sadism

Not up to his customary level of excellence is Nunnally Johnson's production of "Slave Ship," made for Twentieth Century-Fox.

The fault lies neither with Johnson nor his director, Tay Garnett, but with a production department which loaded the picture with detectably phony back-drops and with scenarists who sifted brutality, sadism and violence into the story whenever, as a plot, it began to fall apart.

Lashing of boat-loads of slaves stolen from the African jungles, murder of sailors, drowning of the cargo by gyving the helpless blacks to an anchor-chain and then dropping the anchor, burning alive of the villain and beating of a cabin-boy are among the cruelties which abound in the picture.

Chronicle—Historically, it is a competent addendum to the cinema's collection of Americana. The slave-trade was a burly, skulking and knavish item in the making of America; doubtless it offered exciting promise.

In spite of, perhaps because of, the brutalities in the picture, it seems certain to be a success. Motion-picture audiences, tho more and more selective in their choice of quality pictures, still seem to find themselves drawn to horsewhip and black-jack themes.

Warner Baxter gives creditable account of himself as the slaver, Elizabeth Allan is notably pretty as the Norfolk girl who reforms him, and there is a typical Wallace Beery performance in the job of being an ingratiating villain.

DIG AT DIXIE: "They Won't Forget" Adapted From "Death in the Deep South"

No cinematically perfect motion-picture emerges from the skilled workshops of Mervyn LeRoy this time, but before summer ends it may be a topic of violent discussion.

From Ward Greene's somber novel, "Death in the Deep South," with more than a casual glance at the fundamentals of the Leo Frank case, LeRoy has made a courageous, powerful preachment against prejudice. At its Hollywood preview, it was screened under the evasive, weak title: "They Won't Forget." That may be, probably won't be, changed before Warner Brothers release it.

Frank, young New York Jew, went to Atlanta some years ago, where he was in charge of a small plant. Mary Phagan, a young girl employee, was ravished and murdered. Frank was accused, arrested and tried.

He was convicted, sentenced to death; the verdict was upheld by every high court, including the Supreme Court of the United States. Nevertheless, after Governor Slaton commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, Frank was lynched.

Story—LeRoy has no truck with the racial angle in "They Won't Forget," offers, instead, a black-haired young teacher in a Southern business school, locale unidentified. On the South's own Memorial day, one of the young students returns to the school-building for her lip-stick.

In the building are the teacher, in whom she is distantly interested, and a Negro janitor-elevator operator. Just leaving as she enters is the aging proprietor of the school. To its doors, clamoring to see her, races a young suitor. Any of these, or a stranger not seen by any one, could have murdered the girl.

Against the teacher, LeRoy piles these circumstantial oddments: His late arrival at his home with blood-stains on his coat; his sudden decision to leave the town and resign his job; his presence in the building at the time of the crime.

Elizabeth Allan and Warner Baxter provide a soothing scene in a blood-and-thunder movie

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EUROPE'S WIRELESS TOWERS OF BABEL

Continent Rearms With More Power for Loud-Speaker Battle

"Nation shall speak peace unto nation."

So runs the motto under the coat of arms of the British Broadcasting Company.

But one night last week, using the most powerful instrument of its kind in the world, Russia launched a rapier-like attack upon Germany, with the exclamation:

"Achtung! Achtung! Hier spricht Moskau."

German ears bent to receiving sets tingled at the heavy Russian accent and awaited developments. Their wait was short. Moscow's 500,000-watt radiobroadcasting station, ostensibly addressing the 750,000 Germans within Russia's borders, did not get beyond the initial blast, was blotted from the ether.

German ears heard a Nazi station pop onto the Komintern's wave-length to set up a deafening buzz and hum, thereby "jamming" into garbled racket a harangue on the iniquities of Nazism—Hitler, Göring and Göbbels; at home, abroad and in Spain.

At the end of sixty minutes, when the clock in Moscow's Red Square struck and a record of the "Internationale" was played, "jamming" ceased. For the voice of Moscow was speaking Russian again and could ride the air-waves unmolested as far as the Third Reich was concerned.

Checkmate—Thus in a stalemate ended another sharp duel on one of the many fronts in Europe's incessant radio conflict, an international undeclared war between Governments representing widely diverse political and social ideologies.

This Tower-of-Babel dog fight started in earnest about 1933 and has flared since with increasing intensity. At stake is the power represented by the control of the ears and, through them, the opinions of 40,000,000 or more European radio owners and other countless millions who have access to receivers.

For most of Europe's States, nationalistic with desperate enthusiasm, each vainly trying to build dikes of censorship against the influx of subversive information, have been forced to recognize radio's potentialities as a weapon of aggression as well as defense, as a mouthpiece to reflect official and semiofficial attitudes. Radio knows no territorial boundaries, making narrowly national programs international.

In varying degrees, every European Government controls broadcasting and, to some extent, reception within its borders,* and now considers wireless telephony in armament plans along with cannons, airplanes and battle-ships.

Expansion—The possibilities of radio in times of real war, unrealized during the World War because of the invention's newness, are indicated by developments coming out of Spain's savage struggle against itself. To-day a thunder-storm of propaganda beats upon Europe's ears, emanating not only from Spanish Insurgent and Loyalist stations, but from Russian, Italian and German as well.

From Seville, history's first "radio general," Queipo de Llano, a Franco lieutenant, wages unceasing battles, making charges and countercharges against Madrid's Government, announcing victories never won, the "fall of Madrid," which would not fall. Loyalist commander Gen. José Miaja, directing the defense of Spain's Capital, shows equal skill in mixing bullets with words.

Cagily, General Miaja followed his victory on the Guadalajara front against the Italians with a "loud-speaker" offensive, in which microphones were manned by captured sons of Mussolini, who pleaded with their comrades not to fight against Spanish soldiers with whom they had no quarrel. Loud-speakers were trained across no man's land upon enemy trenches side by side with machine-guns.

Rearmament — Along the broader radio front of the whole Continent, chief rivals Russia, Germany, Italy, France and England watch and listen to developments in Spain, watch and listen among themselves and make studied efforts to build up radio armaments, enlarging and consolidating as a part of national political strategy.

Threatening to set all Europe by the ears, the Soviet Union, long the propaganda bull in the European china-shop, to-day leads the way, with the greatest long-wave stations and an extensive national and international program.

Of the approximate 400 broadcasting outlets of both long- and short-wave types in Europe, a battery of eighty serve the Stalin Government, feeding 3,264,100 receiving sets in Russia and their 20,000,000 or so listeners, in addition to innumerable others abroad.

Causing vast skepticism among nations in regard to motives, news in German is broadcast every evening from Moscow and programs of all kinds are put on the air in English, Spanish, Czech, French, Dutch, Swedish and Hungarian.

When Poland, a few years ago, in a grand huff built a strong station, it was with the single announced purpose of "jamming" Russian broadcasts.

But to-day, as then, Soviet officialdom stedfastly claims that a multilingual policy is necessary to serve Soviet minorities. Irritated brothers in the family of nations scoff.

Pointedly, they ask why Russia has denied so fervently via the air that she has her fingers in the promotion of Communist rebellions in China—why Russia uses her most far-reaching stations to pillory Italy and Germany for their rôles in Spain.

In recent weeks, German annoyance at Communist activities caused laughter in the Third Reich—official laughter.

Writes the Berlin Correspondent for the New York *Times:*

"The Reich has been presenting every evening a program entitled 'Here Speaks Moscow,' in which clippings from Russian newspapers, exposing the less savory side of life in the Soviet Union, are read and commented upon. The commentator makes a particular point of calling attention to the names of all Jewish or supposed Jewish officials in Russia, adding in each case a loud, raucous and somewhat melodramatic 'Ha, ha!'"

Bans—Most bedeviled State in Europe and politically on the defensive, Germany does not ordinarily reply in Russian to Communist assaults, nor in French to Strasbourg broadcasts from the station just across the border, in which often there is news and information that causes acute Nazi earaches. In retaliation, there is "jamming," resorted to rarely.

There is a ban on listening to Russian programs. In Germany, no Russian, Pole or Slovak may own a radio legally.

Particularly irksome to National Socialism has been the last two months' plague of so-called "mystery stations," a half-dozen of which have filled the air of Europe with antifascist propaganda and, much to the amusement of the rest of Europe, have

Wide World

Russian Army men give a recitation at the Central Broadcasting microphone . . . anti-Nazi propaganda was "blotted from the ether"

*All European Governments license receiving sets.

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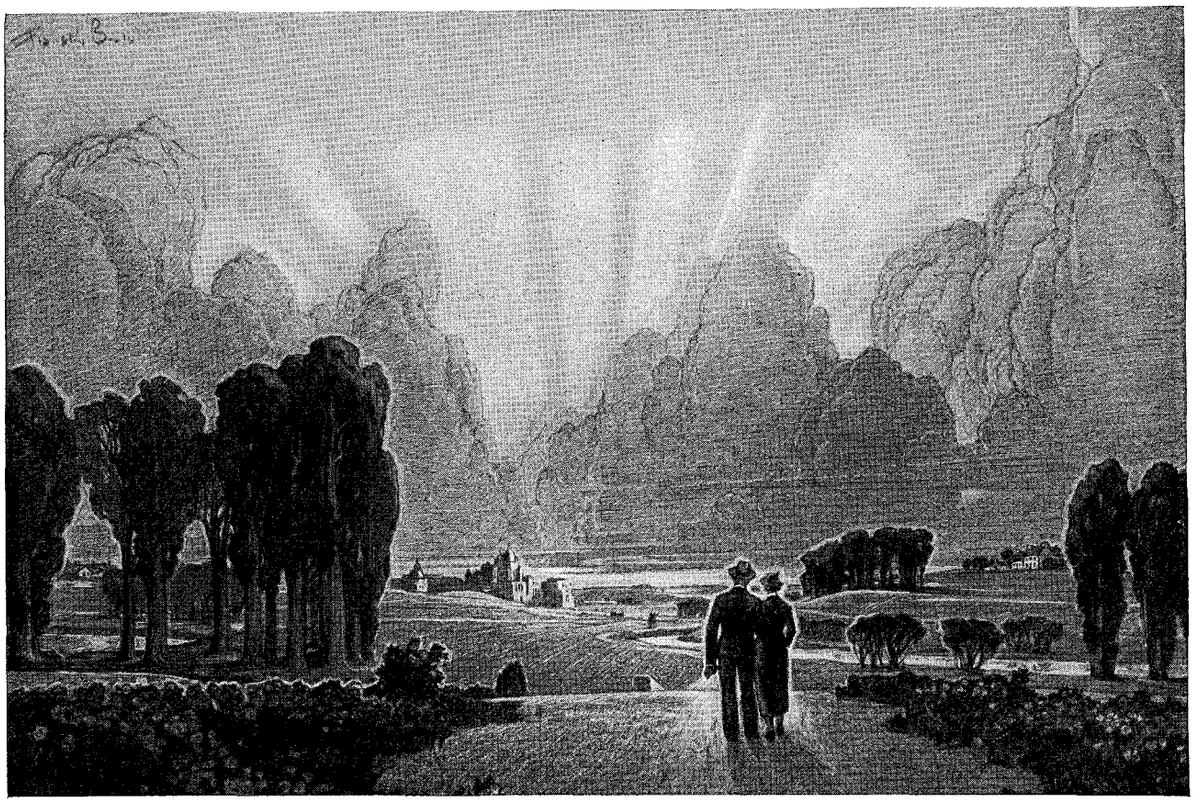

ENJOY YOUR SUNSET YEARS

EVEN if you can take age 60 at full stride, it may be wise to slow down a bit. But that doesn't mean that you ought to begin pricing wheel chairs.

More people in this country have now reached the age of 60 than ever before—due in part to better observance of the laws of hygiene. Furthermore, their numbers will increase.

Whether one looks forward to a time when he can be increasingly useful, or to well-earned leisure and contentment, age 60 offers a wealth of future possibilities. Be ready to enjoy your sunset years. Follow these few simple, pleasant rules:

Good Mental Habits. Many have learned to make their lives richer and fuller by keeping their minds young and open to new ideas. Keep up your enthusiasm. Learn more about those subjects you like best, or explore new fields. An interesting hobby adds to the enjoyment of life.

Sleep and Rest. Older people need more frequent periods of rest. While you sleep or rest, Nature does her best repair work—restoring the energy you have used up.

Food. Eat less as you grow older. Three "square" meals a day, easily digested in earlier years, may not be necessary as time goes on. You may find that if you eat moderately your meals will be just as enjoyable and more healthful.

Water. Drink plenty of pure water, beginning the day with a glass or two and drinking freely during the day. The body needs water to help carry off waste products. When Mark Twain facetiously said, "A moderate amount of drinking water never hurt anyone," he was right.

Sunshine and Fresh Air. You need these two great tonics all year round. Let the sun shine on you; it kills germs and brings health. But in sweltering weather be especially careful not to overtax yourself. Fresh air, like sunshine, is a friend to good health. Breathe it deeply.

Exercise and Play. Get some form of moderate exercise every day. It is an excellent aid in prolonging life. Without exercise the muscles become flabby. If you can make play of your light exercise, so much the better. When recreation stops, old age begins.

Ask your doctor at least once a year for suggestions as to what you may safely do, as well as wisely avoid. Send for free booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life"—a guide to better health all through life—from youth to old age. Address Booklet Department 737-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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EUROPEAN RADIO ARMAMENTS

Among Leading Countries

Country	*Long-wave Stations*		*Short-wave Stations*		*Receiving sets*
	No.	Strongest in watts	No.	Strongest in watts	
Austria	7	Vienna, 100,000	2	Vienna, 3,000	579,162
Czecho-slovakia	7	Prague, 120,000	1	Prague, 30,000	960,992
France	13 Gov't.) 12 (Private)	Paris, 80,000 Nice, 80,000	3	Paris, 12,000	3,759,690
Germany	27	Berlin, 100,000 Breslau, 100,000 Hamburg, 100,000 Heilsburg, 100,000 Cologne, 100,000 Leipzig, 120,000 Munich, 100,000	11	Zeesen, 40,000	8,511,959
Great Britain	17	Belfast, 100,000 Droitwich, 150,000 Lishagarvey, 100,000	16	Daventry, 50,000	8,174,222
Italy	15	Bologna, 50,000 Milan, 50,000 Palermo, 50,000	3	Rome, 25,000	710,000
Russia	74	Leningrad, 100,000 Minsk-Kolodistchi, 100,000 Moscow, 500,000 Novosibirsk, 100,000	6	Khabarovsk, 20,000 Moscow, 20,000	3,264,100

sent Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Göbbels's radio sleuths scurrying in all directions.

Starting in 1933, it was Göbbels who began to popularize radio in a big way, who saw in it tremendous aid for the propagation of Nazi ideals at home and abroad, caused a standardized receiver to be manufactured by all German factories, created a broadcasting system with a world-wide range and second only to Russia's in total power.

Two-Edged—But he didn't foresee the kick-back inherent in his policies. Quick to learn, 8,511,959 Germans, representing almost a million increase in the last year, now own radios but, unhappily, can hear Stalin's words as well as Hitler's.

Consequently, Germany has announced she would welcome an international agreement which would require nations to broadcast nothing which might conflict with neighbors' social and political philosophies, or create international discord.

Britain remembers the Reich's repeated radio challenge to the world: If an explosion is to be averted, Germany must have colonies. Also, it is recalled that, upon occasion, six languages are used in Nazi short-wave broadcasts.

Overseas—With no little fanfare does the radio bureau of the Propaganda Ministry pursue its international short-wave campaign from the four-year-old Zeesen stations, strongest of their type in Europe, with six "beams" covering the globe. The officially avowed purpose of the Zeesen outlet is "to be an instrument which shall bind all German racial comrades firmly to their homeland."

To the estimated 15,000,000 comrades "overseas" are sent daily news broadcasts, folk-songs, humorous radio plays, lessons in German and windy speeches on such subjects as "Faith in Germany" and "*Kultur und Weltanschauung.*"

Down across quiet Austria, and beyond the Alps, Benito Mussolini has caught the radio bug. At present, neither in long- nor short-wave is *Il Duce* able, through his government-controlled private radio corporation, to add much to the verbal mélange over Europe.

Nevertheless, through the air from Rome have come sufficiently strong signals to prick two British Empire sore spots, Palestine and India. During the past year, preceding the final adoption of the Constitution in India, crackling broadcasts stirred restless Moslem hearts.

Power—In 1938, Italy will become Europe's most potent nation in short-wave. Less than a month ago, the Italian Broadcasting Company announced the purchase of a 100,000-watt output broadcasting unit to be erected in Rome next year. It will dwarf even Hitler's Zeesen stations, radiating programs throughout the world.

While all this vocal ferment agitates the Continental atmosphere, England, across the Channel, also finds it chafing. Time and again Russian and German broadcasts have provided sparks for bitter debates in Parliament.

Tho outwardly independent, the British Broadcasting Company, a monopoly, constantly is conscious of close governmental interests. It was mainly as a result of pressure from the Colonial and Dominion Offices that, eight months ago, a start was made to elevate Daventry to leadership among short-wave broadcasters.

Power-Plus—Reports the British United Press:

"Officially, the Corporation states that the three new high-powered transmitters ordered for Daventry are capable of an output of 50,000 watts, but, in fact, their maximum power will be 100,000 watts. . . .

"The B.B.C. is fully aware of every propaganda broadcast given by a foreign nation. At the receiving station at Tatsfield, Surrey, engineers are engaged day and night in picking up and recording foreign programs, the most provocative and outstanding of which are sent to Broadcasting House to be studied by high officials of the Corporation and, if necessary, passed on to the Foreign Office."

The same source also relates that "particular concern is being felt regarding the present activities of the German short-wave station at Zeesen, which transmits 'highly colored' news-bulletins in English to the African Continent daily."

Sounding-Post—Aloof Britain, in the main, merely listens to the radio war disturbing Europe and is content to consolidate her outlets, but is building to reach the farthest domains of her Empire as part of colonial policy by broadcasting only in English.

Travel

NOMAD'S LAND: Americans Go Places, Following Adage That Changing Pasture Fattens Calves

It was summer and the world was young. *Glub* the caveman was fidgety in his smoke-blackened nest in the hills, his feet were itchy.

"Ma," said he to *Mrs. Glub* in his Neanderthalian hillbilly lingo, "the fishin' is a-gettin' pore in these parts and b'ar-meat is a-gettin' skeerce. I'm plumb sick of

Wide World

Here to-day, gone to-morrow . . . roadside sanctuaries beckon to nomads of the highway

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the place. Let's light out to t'other side of the mountaings fer a spell."

"Shore," agreed *Ma Glub,* as she slung a hunk of dried b'ar-meat over her shoulder and slipped a clean leopard-skin onto the back of *Glub, Jr.* Five minutes later (by the sun-clock) they were bruising their toes on a rocky path down the mountainside as they fared to pastures new—the first tourists.

Urge—It was summer, 1937, in the United States. Automobiles thundered over the Lincoln Highway to the West, trailers rumbled to the cool lakes of the North. In the North, in the South, in the East, in the West—everywhere were roads packed with flashing wheels, atmosphere filled with gasoline fumes.

Motorists stepped on the gas to knock off just ten miles more before dark. The annual tourist rush was on; a rush inspired by desire to see the other side of the mountain, a nomadic desire stemming back to *Glub* the caveman, a desire as old as the race itself.

Travel in this country once largely was the prerogative of the rich. *John Q. Bullion,* proprietor of the local ball-bearing factory, could embark with his wife and progeny on a train for a visit to the mountains, the seashore or the country without worry over expense.

William Applefritter, humble bookkeeper of the factory, had no money to waste on vacation travel—indeed, if he got a vacation he was lucky. Summer to him meant hoeing the garden, with now and then a fishing or swimming trip to the nearest creek.

To-day, almost any one in America's great army of toilers can take a vacation trip. A bit of money for a second-hand car, a little more for gasoline and oil, another handful to eat along the way and put up for the night, and the worker is set to join the horde of modern nomads.

Highway touring not only is fun, it has become a major industry in this country. Motorists on the road last year spent $3,000,000,000 out of a total traveling expenditure of $4,500,000,000 to $5,000,000,000,* the American Automobile Association estimates.

This year, the expenditure of traveling motorists is estimated at $3,500,000,000, with a comparable increase in the total travel business. The peak figure for all forms of gadding about in any year was the $5,000,000,000 spent in the 1929 wind-up of the boom era and the A.A.A. predicts that this figure will be exceeded in 1937.

Figures—So heavy is motor travel that 84 per cent. of all American travelers move about in automobiles (24,197,685 motorized passenger-vehicles were registered in 1936), with railroads, buses, ships and airplanes caring for the remaining 16 per cent.

Not only is the travel business booming, but tourists are spending more money now. It is estimated that in 1935 each tourist dished out $75, while this year he is expected to spend an average of $95.

Vying for the cash of the highway nomad are hotels, roadside tourist-camps dotted with cabins or space for tents, private homes offering rooms, gasoline service-stations, hot-dog stands and anything else the ingenuity of man can devise to attract currency.

Last year, 60.9 per cent. of American tourists stopped at hotels, 20.4 per cent. at tourist-homes, 12.5 per cent. at tourist-camps, 6.2 per cent. at the homes of friends who happened to be living conveniently on the way.

Comparative figures for 1935 must prove that prosperity was reviving rapidly in 1936, for in 1935 only 32 per cent. of the tourists could afford hotels, 23 per cent. put up at tourist-homes, 19 per cent. at tourist-camps and 26 per cent. (!) barged in on friends for free room and board.

Camps—Probably the most remarkable development in motor-travel in recent years (aside from the rise of the trailer) is the roadside tourist-camp. Highways in nearly every part of the country bristle with such signs as "Five Miles to Bill's Camp," "Happy Hollow Tourist-Camp — Hot Showers, Breakfast, Soft Beds — Ten Miles," and so on.

Camps may contain from two to twenty or more small cabins, ranging in size from a smallish hen-coop to a midget bungalow. Rates run from $1 to $2.50 a cabin, with room for two or more persons. Sometimes the beds are soft; frequently they are spine-denters.

You pays your money and then you takes your chance whether the camp is good, bad or terrible. At any rate, it gives the traveler room to escape from the wheel and stretch his bones for eight hours.

The A.A.A. lists a total of 9,000 such cottage-camps. There are many more unlisted—so many that officials estimate the nation's total between 15,000 and 30,000.

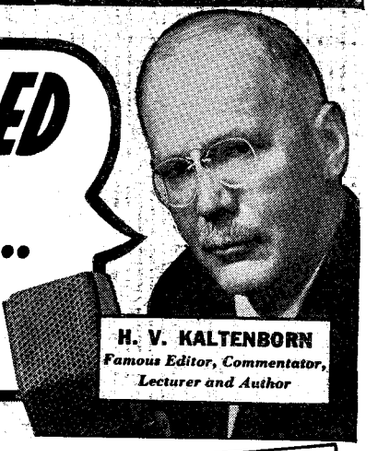
Tourist-homes offer thrifty housewives,

*Figures refer to American travel only. An additional $2,500,000,000 is spent by Americans abroad in a year, it is estimated.

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS

H. V. KALTENBORN'S Version of What Happened to a Beechhurst, N. Y., Motorist

HE GAMBLED ON TIRES... AND LOST!

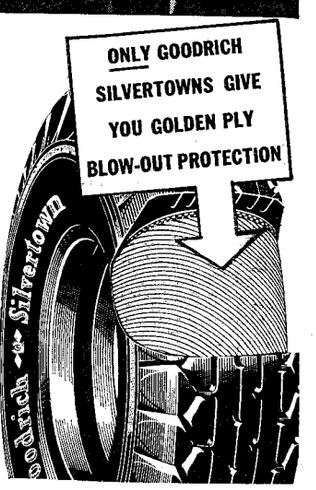


IT WAS nearing 2 P. M. The Whitestone Road was thick with a fast-moving stream of motorists. But Mr. Mitchell of Beechhurst, New York, scarcely saw them. All he had were visions of an hour in the dentist's chair. He could almost hear the bz-zz-zz of the drill when, suddenly, he heard something he was least expecting—BANG! A blow-out! The right front tire collapsed. Mitchell sat helpless at the wheel. With a lunge, he grabbed for the emergency brake. But it was too late. A telegraph pole put a stop to the wild ride, leaving Mr. Mitchell with a crumpled car bumper—bruised knees—*and plenty of regrets.*

H. V. KALTENBORN

Motorists seldom realize that when the accelerator goes down, the heat *inside* the tire goes up. But Goodrich engineers knew that this internal heat was the great unseen cause of blow-outs. That's why they developed the Golden Ply which is found only in Silvertowns.

This Life-Saver Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific *blowout-causing* heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this *internal* tire heat the Golden Ply protects you against these dangerous, high-speed blow-outs. Stop at any Goodrich Silvertown Store or Goodrich dealer for a set of these life-saving Silvertowns. *It's better to be safe than sorry!*



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

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State Barriers Confronting the Tourist

A new "War Between the States," with tourists and motorists in general the cannon-fodder, is raging in the United States, largely west of the Mississippi. A survey by the American Automobile Association shows that such regulation falls in these five general categories:

1. **Ports of entry:** Stations maintained at or near the border where officials may stop all traffic or only commercial vehicles, depending on the State's law. Their purpose is to enforce State highway laws and to collect taxes.
2. **Caravan laws:** Legislation imposing taxes on any automobile for sale driven or towed into or through a State. Regular motorists unable to establish bona-fide ownership sometimes have been forced to pay heavy fees or make deposits to prevent resale of the car.
3. **Touring permits.** Fourteen States now require visitors to obtain non-resident registration certificates.
4. **Plant-quarantine stations:** Posts maintained to keep out insect pests and infected fruit or vegetables.
5. **Antihobo laws:** Several States have attempted to turn back indigent transients who were likely to become public charges.

Regulations by Eighteen Individual States Are as Follows:

Arizona—Caravan law, plant-quarantine stations, visitor's permit required and all salesmen are supposed to obtain Arizona auto-license plates.

Arkansas—Tourist permits, obtained at no charge, must be taken out after thirty days' stay in the State: caravan law.

California—All motor-vehicles stopped at border for plant-quarantine inspection; visitor's permit must be obtained within five days, but no fee is charged: The State's caravan law was held unconstitutional on the ground the fee was excessive.

Colorado—Maintains ports of entry for collection of caravan taxes and assisting tourists.

Idaho — Non-resident vehicles must register within forty-eight hours, but no fee is charged: Six highway checking-stations enforce the caravan law.

Louisiana—Permits costing $1 must be obtained after thirty days.

Massachusetts—Visitors staying more than thirty days must obtain a permit and comply with State compulsory-liability-insurance regulations.

Minnesota — Visitors must register within ten days (no fee).

Mississippi—Visitor's permit required after twenty-five days costs $1.

Montana—Visitor's permits (no fee) may be obtained from highway courtesy-stations.

Nebraska—Caravan law.

Nevada — Touring permits must be applied for within ten days.

New Mexico — Ports of entry maintained: Caravan law; salesmen are required to buy State license-plates. All cars are stopped at border ports of entry.

Oklahoma—Visitor's permit must be obtained within ten days (no fee): Caravan law.

Oregon—Tourists must register within twenty-four hours (no fee).

Texas—Visitor's permit costing fifty cents must be obtained within twenty-five days: Caravan law. A port of entry law now before the Texas Legislature is being hotly contested as a harassment to motor travel, the A. A. A. survey report showed.

Utah—Tourists must register within five days (no fee).

Wyoming—Caravan law.

urban or rural, a chance to make some money off the spare bedroom. Such places put you up for $1 to $1.50 a night a person.

As with the cabin-camps, you takes your chances, but on the whole, accommodations are reasonably good.

Hotels, of course, reap a year-round harvest from tourists everywhere. The rates usually are higher than those of the cabin-camps and tourist-homes, but in hotels making a strong bid for wayfarers of the average class, they are not excessive.

The final factor in the tourist-housing business is the trailer, which is transportation and home combined. The latest estimates are that 300,000 of the vehicles are roaring over American roads. Last year, alone, 53,646 were sold. Many others are home-made from salvaged lumber and auto parts.

While all States and most localities welcome tourist-travel and its resultant flow of money, the tendency to restriction and what amounts to tariff-barriers is growing (see accompanying box).

Where do tourists go? Like this, the A.A.A. finds:

Region	1935 Per Cent.	1936 Per Cent.
New York State	22.5	25.8
New England	19.2	15.1
Pennsylvania, New Jersey, District of Columbia	15.9	10.2
Southeastern U. S.	18.0	18.8
Central U. S.	5.5	9.6
Western U. S.	11.4	15.2
Canada	7.5	4.3
Other Foreign	....*	1.0

*Figures not available for 1935.

Where does the tourist's dollar go? A survey made in 1935 divided it thus: 25 cents to the retailer (for pork and beans, razor-blades or what have you), 20 to the restaurant till, 17 to the hotel, tourist-home or camp, 12 to the garage and filling-station, ten for transportation (for those other than motorists), ten for theaters and other amusements and six for confectionery and incidentals.

Stream—So on they go, over hill and over dale—*Dad* trying to shave in the trailer as diapers slap him in the face; *Mother* hoping to keep the milk out of her lap as she prepares a quick lunch for her little tribe in the rear seat of a lurching car; little *Willie* clambering over the seats of the Pullman to the annoyance of the girthy gentleman trying to read; buying gas, oil, food, train-tickets and knicknacks; all in search of rest and recreation, getting very little rest and frequently no recreation. They are obeying an impulse based on an ancient rural observation that a change of pasture makes fat calves.

Glub the caveman started something.

Success

BOB RIPLEY: One-Man Post-Office Gets More Letters Than Jim Farley

An automobile stops in front of a twenty-two-room mansion at Bion Island, Long Island Sound, near Mamaroneck, New York. A chauffeur hops out, opens the rear door and begins removing packages from the back seat—packages containing 5,000 letters addressed to Believe-It-Or-Not (B-i-o-n) Robert L. Ripley.

This avalanche of one day's mail is only one of the myriad oddities vouched for in the latest Ripley Odditorium which opened this month in Dallas, Texas. The cartoonist with the Big Idea has just been made Honorary Director-General of the Texas and Pan-American Expositions and thousands of stranger-than-fiction facts will be on exhibit there until December, 1937.

The automobile arrives daily—bearing letters written in shorthand, on glass, tin, rock, eggs, bones; in Indian sign-language, in codes—Runic (ancient Viking), American Confederate, telegraphic, flag, Boy Scout wigwag and numeric—in more than 300 languages and dialects representing eighty-four Governments. The Post Office Department estimated that Ripley mail is equivalent to any 3,000,000-piece city (population from 3,000 to 5,000) such as Greenwich, Connecticut; Coral Gables, Florida, or Moscow, Idaho.

Storehouse—Receiving more mail than President Roosevelt, Shirley Temple or James A. Farley, Ripley is a one-man post-office. His outgoing correspondence averages 1,500 replies daily and he admits that 90 per cent. of his ideas come from correspondents. If he culls seven authentic new ideas out of each day's delivery beginning next week, he will be working ahead eleven years on items to appear in his syndicated feature. If he stopped work to-day and fired his staff, his Believe-It-Or-Nots would run on for ten years.

"All the world does my work," says Ripley, "and I don't have to pay 'em a cent!" The only person to receive money from Ripley for an idea was a San Francisco lawyer named Joseph D. Butler. The cartoonist wrote him a check for 25 cents for a "million-dollar idea" which the lawyer submitted in 1928 as a joke.

Ripley claims he never has been caught in a misstatement. He believes nothing he reads in books, but has written several himself, with sales exceeding 500,000. Called lazy by his friends, "Rip" gets up at 5 A.M., works all day and then starts dictating letters at 8 P.M.; he works fast and furiously and likes his quarters cluttered up with friends, arguments, smoke and ideas.

Unchallenged—He listens to everything, seldom comments and keeps right on working, using ordinary drawing-board, but any kind of pencils will do. Only Believe-It-Or-Not fact "Rip" never checked or used was O. O. McIntyre's statement that Ripley was the first cartoonist to reach the millionaire class. Said "Rip": "What's the Odds? But if you say so, it must be so."

Since he is said to receive more mail consistently than any other person in the world, Ripley's fifteen expert secretaries read and sort between three and four million letters a year. These fall into five classifications: (1) Funny (2) radio comment (3) interesting (4) Believe-It-Or-Nots (5) personal.

Hundreds contain ideas that already have been used or are phony; requests for money, sympathy, pictures, books, advice, demands for proof; letters from fanatics and offers of business propositions. As many as 48,000 replies have been sent on a single question disputed by readers.

Good-natured and with an easy-going disposition, Ripley is easily imposed upon for drinks, cigarettes and cigars; theater-tickets, clothes, food and places to sleep, so his associates say. He never loses his temper; never gets anywhere on time.

Somebody always stops him to give him

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an idea or ask for his autograph. He obliges, says you never can tell where a good idea will come from.

He would rather be bothered than miss a good bet.

Globe-Trotter—After an expedition to the Far East and Russia for Believe-It-Or-Nots in 1933, Ripley was asked to address Americans over a nation-wide radio hook-up giving the high lights of his observations. It proved such an oddity itself that the next day it appeared in editorial columns of eighty-five American newspapers. Of the 308 countries of the world, Ripley has visited 185. His ambition is to visit them all.

One of the strangest believe-it-or-nots about Ripley is how his strange career started. He sold his first cartoon to the old *Life* at four; at seventeen he started work on the San Francisco *Bulletin* at $8 a week, was fired but landed a job across the street with *The Chronicle;* an engravers' strike gave him a chance to learn their trade, but he quit, came to New York to find a publisher for Joe Taylor's "Fifty Years of Footlights," which he had illustrated.

The New York *Globe* hired Ripley in the sports department, where his black-and-white style soon made a hit. Scores of imitators appeared. Working on the last-minute dead-line schedule, in a frantic effort one day to get a cartoon under the line, "Rip" gathered up a bunch of odds and ends stuffed in his desk—freak feats of sport—drew them into a cartoon.

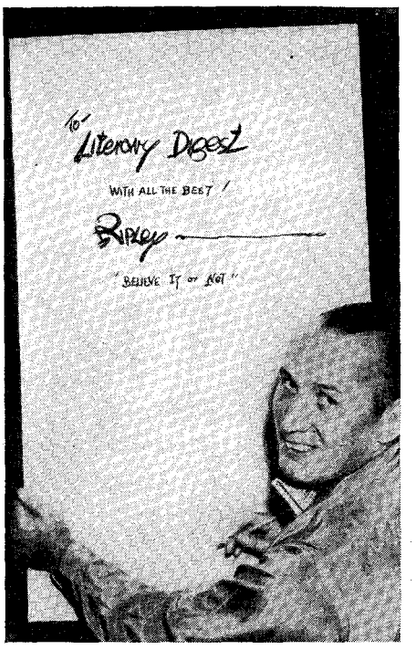
As the engravers snatched the sheet from him he grabbed it back, heading it Believe-It-Or-Not, and went home. It caught the public fancy, requests poured in for more.

Ripley said he didn't think he could keep it up, but within a few days had enough for another cartoon.

Grist—Examples of voluntary letter contributions that keep his business going:

1. A Philadelphian says his brother, while aboard Allen Liner *Carthaginian,* did not cut his toe-nails for eight months. Rats nibbled them off at night.

2. A New Haven, Michigan, girl says an elderly man friend was raised among billy goats, used to butt with them and beat them. When the man grew up, he continued butting—telephone-poles, doors, etc., shaking the house with violent contacts. Yet there is no mark on his head.



3. A man in Bingham, Maine, sent "Rip" a post-card of bark, addressed: "Believe-It-Or-Not" New York City. On reverse side he wrote: "I believe you will get this. My wife believes not."

4. A resident of Cotton Plant, Arkansas, volunteered: "Our town has a $25,000 court-house and no court; a $35,000 church and no preacher; two railroads and no passenger-train; a $10,000 theater and no shows; a $30,000 water-works plant and no water." When Ripley wrote Mayor W. G. Jones of Cotton Plant to check the letter's authenticity, Jones replied: "The thing is so near the truth we do not want it published."

5. A man wrote that he was riding his cow-pony near Herrick, South Dakota, during a cyclone some years ago—"hell-bent fer home," head down in his slicker. When he looked up to see where he was, he was bouncing along on a limb of a tree, his horse a half mile down the valley ahead.

6. A resident of Thorn Hill, Tennessee, wrote that he knew a man who bought a pair of shoes which did not fit. He sat down, cut off his little toe, put it in a tree and went on about his business.

Wide-Spread—The Believe-It-Or-Not cartoon appears in 325 American and foreign daily and Sunday papers and is translated into thirteen languages in thirty-eight countries. Reportedly it is the only newspaper-syndicate feature which continued to rise in circulation throughout the depression. No paper ever has canceled its subscription.

The combined paid daily circulation of papers using Ripley cartoons is 17,830,869, according to audit figures in the *Editor & Publisher* "Year-Book."

Ripley's favorite sports are handball and amateur boxing. His pets are a blue collie, Flash; a coach-dog, Susy, and a cocker spaniel, Dokey. He eschews politics and turned down an offer from the Democratic Party of Mamaroneck to run for Mayor. "Don't have time," he says. The cartoonist's hobbies are art-collecting, traveling and remaining a bachelor.

"I am quite as susceptible to feminine charms as the average man," he admits, "but just about the time I become interested in a woman I have to dash off on another long trip and when I get back she is married to somebody else. When I retire to my *serai* in Mamaroneck I hope to grow old gracefully with a dear wife for a companion. By that time no woman will have me."

Ten Oddest Ripley Oddities

1. Boy in England who died of old age before he was seven. Cause: He had reached maturity at four.

2. Letter written on a grain of rice. Equivalent to eight pages typewritten material, done with five pens, under microscope. Mailed in envelope with no name but picture of a bird which, when looked at under a microscope, was made of name "Robert Ripley" written 3,500 times. Author: E. L. Blystone.

3. Hen that lived seventeen days without a head, in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. In 1904 a hotel-man chopped the hen's head off and fed the headless creature through its food-pipe. Except for being headless, the hen acted normal, scratched, hopped about on its perch. It died only because an ignorant clerk allowed food-pipe to close by healing, cutting off wind-pipe.

4. All the people in the world could be placed in a one-half mile cubic hole containing 18,399,744,000 cubic feet. Each man, woman or child would have an allotted space six feet high, two feet wide and one foot thick. ("Rip" figured this out himself.)

5. The Roman poet Vergil spent 800,000 sesterces ($100,000) on the burial of his pet fly.

6. Washington was not the first President of the United States. It was John Hanson of Maryland, elected "President of the United States in Congress Assembled," 1781. George Washington called him President.*

7. St. Patrick was not a Catholic, a Saint or an Irishman; his name was not St. Patrick; he was never canonized. He was a Frenchman from Tours named Succat.

8. Ripley received 100 postage-stamps with his name and address written on the reverse side—no envelop.

9. On January 1, 1930, Ripley received a post-card twenty-seven feet long, eight feet wide, addressed: "I was waiting for a street-car." The postmark was Times Square Station, New York.

10. So many freak letters come to Ripley that on April 19, 1930, Postmaster General Brown issued an order: "Such letters must be returned or sent to the dead-letter office. Clerks wasting too much time to decipher." The World's Stamp Company of Baltimore, as a test-case, copied the order on the outside of an envelop (nothing inside) and mailed it. It was delivered, believe it or not.

*"World Almanac," 1937, lists Thomas McKean as first, and the National Cyclopedia of American Biography lists Peyton Randolph first, elected Sept. 5, 1774, with seven others ahead of Hanson.

Religion

REV. LABORER: Union of Clergymen Mushrooms Slowly From New York Beginning

Black-coated pickets with clerical collars strolled complacently outside the lighted church, mingling mild voices of protest with the soft organ music.

They carried Bibles in one hand and in the other bobbing placards with flaring appeals:

THE MINISTER PREACHING IN THIS CHURCH IS UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR!

THE MINISTERS' UNION OF AMERICA IS ON STRIKE FOR BETTER LIVING CONDITIONS AND HIGHER STIPENDS!

A year or so ago this bit of unconventional labor drama would have appeared as a fantasy concocted by some absurd futurist after a nightmare.

To-day, it is entirely within the bounds of possibility.

Outlandish as it may seem, the nation's clergy slowly are organizing a labor-union, having informally indorsed the Committee for Industrial Organization.

Proselytes—Launched in April, 1931, as the Ministers' Union of America, the ministerial labor movement got off to a slow start, with a few enterprising New York ministers as its nucleus. As the depression lingered, it began to speed up. By last year it had recruited among Christians, Jews and even Mohammedans, 100 members.

With a rank-and-file delegation representing current membership of 130, the union held its annual convention in May at the Labor Temple Presby, national headquarters, New York, electing as President the Rev. Edgar A. Lowther of San Francisco's Temple Methodist Church. Formation of locals everywhere was urged.

Sympathetically-minded clergymen of East Orange, New Jersey, promptly petitioned for the honor of starting Local No. 2 and got their charter a fortnight ago. Last week, union officials announced that

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Unionized ministers march "to express oneness with all who do the work of the world"

more locals were being organized in Chicago, San Francisco and New Haven.

Causes—Founder of the Ministers' Union of America was the late Dr. Edmund B Chaffee, Director of the Labor Temple Presby, long a sponsor for social advancement of the ministry.

He brought a group of influential interdenominational clergymen together and got them to agree they ought to organize for two reasons:

1. To express their solidarity upon social justice for themselves and to show sympathy with organized labor in its struggle for rights
2. To improve the standards of the ministry, guarantee its security and to study all their social and economic problems.

The union which thereupon was organized was modeled upon lines of labor organizations. It has a constitution whose preamble says:

We, conscious of social injustice amid the economic order, and believing that this injustice can not be removed without the efficient organization of all those who engage in socially necessary labor, desire to give voice to that conviction by forming an organization of clergymen modeled on the lines of labor organizations.

However, we would make it clear that we do not subscribe to any philosophy which would conserve the interest of one group of producers at the expense of others and in forming our organization we do so only with the purpose of promoting true religion through gaining for all the economic basis of that freedom and fulness of life which we desire for ourselves.

Dues were fixed at $3 a month and committees appointed to formulate national policies on wages and other conditions inherent in labor programs

First setback came when a petition for affiliation with the American Federation of Labor was turned down.

Granting of the charter to the New Jersey local is expected to be a fillip.

The Rev. John Daniel, Pastor of the Highland Avenue Congregational Church of Orange, a charter-member of this local, announced that the members were in general sympathy with organized labor, planning to improve economic conditions among themselves through collective bargaining.

In addition to improving the ministry's ethics and professional standards, making it of greater service to mankind, he said, the local would seek "to express oneness with all who do the work of the world."

ONE ROSE: That Is the Only Annual Rental for Two Churches Dating to Colonial Days

Dressed in old German costumes, members of the Tulpehocken Trinity Reformed Church, near Richland, Pennsylvania, stopped in their gardens to pluck their most gorgeous roses as they started for morning worship Sunday before last.

When they reached the church, one of their number drew a Bible and led them, singing ancient hymns, down to a communion-table, where they deposited their flowers in a large, 150-year-old pewter pitcher.

Thereupon began an impressive rite, during which one of the roses, a red American Beauty, was chosen and proffered as payment for the annual church rent. Recipient: Morris Wistar Wood, Alumni Secretary of the University of Pennsylvania

At almost the same hour, the Rev. J. F. Knittle of Manheim Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church snipped another red American Beauty from his church garden, had it presented in a like ceremony. Recipient: Mrs. John Robertson of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

Benefactors—These two unrelated ceremonies, rich in religious lore and emulating an old German and English custom, owed their origin to two American Colonial glassmakers, Caspar Wistar (in 1745) and Henrick Wilhelm von Stiegel (in 1772).

They gave the ground to the churches on condition that a rose be given in payment the second Sunday in June "yearly forever hereafter."

Payment in the case of the Wistar gift lapsed, for some inexplicable reason, in 1800, but was renewed in 1902 to a descendant, Gillwyn Wistar, with 100 roses in back rentals.

To them was added, as a yearly contribution, a white rose in gratitude for an organ Wistar helped to buy. For this ceremony a special railway coach carried about fifty members of the Wistar family to Tulpehocken.

Officiating for the family this year was a grandson, Morris, who graciously accepted the flowers from Mrs. J. Donald Backenstose, wife of the minister. As a prelude to the most impressive presentation rite to date, the choir began an ancient hymn while a family consisting of father, mother and two daughters, standing before the pitcher, discussed the Christlike qualities of the rose.

After reading from Scripture, the father invoked a prayer and selected a flower for Mrs. Backenstose.

Fidelity—While 1,000 looked on, the minister's wife spoke. Paraphrasing Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech she described the rose as expressing loyalty in keeping promises. Mr. Wood said it was a symbol of friendship between the church and his ancestors. To complete the service, thirty-two men and ten women knelt to receive communion out of an old vessel.

Tho the Wistar rose is presented to a different member of the family each year, the Stiegel payment always is, "if legally demanded," made to the oldest living descendant. Aged seventy-five, the wife of a seventy-seven-year-old justice of the peace and journalist, Mrs. Robertson has been unable for three years to accept the flower personally, because doctors feared an assault by autograph-hunters. She has delegated in her place a sister, Mrs. Bessie Boyer van Tassel of Newtonville, Massachusetts.

Ledger—The presentation is made as a climax to the annual "Festival of Roses." The members of the congregation, each bearing a blossom, formed a procession after religious services and dropped their gifts, one by one, within the chancel rails.

One then was selected and presented to Mrs. van Tassel by Rep. J. Roland Kinzer

Pictures Inc.

"Only a rose" pays a year's rent for Tulpehocken Trinity Church . . . Mrs. Backenstose settles the debt with Morris Wistar Wood

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of Lancaster, while the rest were sent to hospitals.

For years Mrs. Robertson has been pressing the roses in a scrap-book, each with a notation of the date and ceremony, thereby keeping a record of one of Pennsylvania's most picturesque ceremonies.

STRIP-DOWN STRIKE: By Unclad Tactics, Dukhobortsi Still Worry British Columbia

Glancing out of the court-room window one day last week, Judge W. A. Nissbett of Nelson, British Columbia, and his bailiffs were annoyed by the capers of two women who had slipped into the jail-yard.

Suddenly, one threw off her shawl, dropped her dress and began leaping about like a maddened nymph. The next instant she and her companion were seized by guards and hustled off under arrest.

These women were members of the Dukhobortsi, a Russian sect of western Canada, and they were demonstrating during a hearing of an appeal by Peter Verigin, "high priest" of their 20,000 fellow religionists, against his conviction last April of reckless driving and vagrancy.

This form of "strip-down" strike is the spectacular method used by the Dukhobortsi to make their recurrent protests against the Canadian authorities. Practised by men and women alike, it has put them in Provincial quod time and again.

Paraders—Once 500 "Sons of Freedom," a dissident group among them, burned school-buildings, then, in a spirit of frenzy, peeled off garments and paraded in the streets in the town of Brilliant against compulsory education laws. They were rounded up promptly in an apple-orchard, sprayed with itch-powder and arrested.

Another time, a young policeman in uniform was kidnaped by five of these female "Sons of Freedom" and he reported afterward that their treatment of him was exceedingly uncivilized. Often, members of the sect, who live in a colony near Nelson, have undressed before passing trains.

These and other antics of the Dukhobortsi, occasionally marked by shootings, poisonings and incendiarism, have shocked conservative Canadians and have kept the sect's big, bewhiskered chief Verigin in hot water with the Dominion Government since he set foot on Canadian soil in 1927.

Acme

Peter Verigin . . . his Dukhobor "Sons of Freedom" have kept in Canadian hot water

Fifty-two, he came from Russia, where he had been jailed for heresy and freed on the condition that he leave the country, to succeed his father, Peter ("Lordly") Verigin, killed in a mysterious train explosion in 1924. Assuming command of the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood, legal name of the sect, he immediately launched a program of education and culture which brought a storm of protest within the ranks.

Violence—The "Sons of Freedom" group sprang up to fight for the purity and tradition of the cult. The members forthwith were banished by Verigin as "renegades" after a wave of violence among the numerous colonies.

Soon afterward he served two jail-terms, one for perjury, the other for assault, and twice narrowly escaped deportation. Nude parades continued and 725 of Verigin's men and women were arrested and sentenced to three years in prison.

Vegetarians, theoretical communists, the Dukhobortsi deny the divinity of Christ, hold that all men are equal and brethren, pray inwardly at all times and meet for divine worship on fixed days near their huge, two-storied houses.

Literally "Spirit Wrestlers," according to their name, their sect grew out of the nonconformist movement of the Russian Orthodox Church in 1785. Persecuted for their severe ways, which included objection to military service, they finally emigrated.

In 1899, some 7,500 Dukhobortsi reached British Columbia and Saskatchewan.

They grew well-to-do, regarded the Canadians as "foreigners." To-day, the Dominion is preparing a major inquiry into their activities which may result in Canada making up their mind for them to shove off again.

Columnists' Corner

Walter Winchell, New York *Daily Mirror*—Grand description of a snaky Broadway no-good, who is bothering girls again: "He's the one on the wrong end of the leash."

John Chapman, New York *Daily News*—The comedians who complain there are only seven original jokes in the world are seven times better off than the guy who is trying to write a new rumba tune.

H. I. Phillips, Newark *Evening News*—Boys will be boys and girls will be riot leaders. . . . Woman's place used to be in the home. Now it is in the clinches. Study the riot pictures closely. The men look like sissies. They seem half-hearted and a little reluctant to kick anybody in the face. But those ladies!

H. V. Wade, Detroit *News*—Columnist Frank Kent reluctantly comes to the conclusion that Roosevelt is a poor politician. Nothing has so upset us since the Cardinal criticized Hitler's paperhanging.

Sydney Skolsky, New York *Daily News*—After a preview the other evening, Tom Jenk, asked for his opinion, told the producer: "It's a bad picture, but I'll say this for it: It's the worst bad picture I've seen."

Robert Quillen, Detroit *Free Press*—Americans know how Europe feels about Mussolini. Our sane drivers give all the road to avoid collision with a crazy one.

O. O. McIntyre, New York *American*—This is the day I usually just sit at the typewriter—and let myself go. A thought pops up and I swing at it. Hoping to whang one into the bleachers—but usually it's a pop fly to infield.

How a bride gave her husband ATHLETE'S FOOT

She was a CARRIER*

At the summer resort on their honeymoon, she picked up a case of Athlete's Foot, infected the bathroom floor at home, and now her husband will probably get it.

But where you contract the infection isn't as important as what you do about getting rid of it—before more serious trouble develops, before you give it to other people. Why not play safe and examine your toes for infection?

Is the skin between them red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For, as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, consult a doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine. It has been proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it. Absorbine Jr. is economical because so little brings relief. At your druggist's, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

* People infected with Athlete's Foot are "Carriers." According to the U. S. Public Health Service, at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

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Press

J.D.S.: Georgians Don't Need Columnist's Initials to Tell Who Writes Salty Daily Comment

At this writing it appears the Drys have won the liquor election and so Mr. and Mrs. Whozit and their fashionable friends will continue to get theirs by telephoning instead of going after it.

When the Georgia voting on liquor was over last week, Georgian eyes turned to see what Column 1 of the editorial page of the Macon *Telegraph* would have to say. The above paragraph was the answer.

Let it be said right now that Column 1 in *The Telegraph* is a joy to the 22,483 subscribers of the paper and something

Macon Telegraph

John D. Spencer: "I'd be proud to be known as a humorist, but thank God I'm no wit"

watched with interest by most of the population of the town on the banks of the Ocmulgee river (pop. 53,829).

The reason is John Duncan Spencer, who for twenty-two years has been writing "More Otherwise Than Wise," daily columnar stint. Throughout Dixie, the writer's expressions on various subjects are widely known and THE LITERARY DIGEST for many years has quoted from his pithy comments.

Spencer has a birthday this month. He asked that his real age be withheld but it can be stated authoritatively that he never will see fifty again and "the revolution may come before I'm seventy-five."

Rover—In 1914, nomad-reporter Spencer found himself in Macon, broke and jobless. As was usual with him, he applied at the nearest newspaper office for work and a friendly Managing Editor (the late George Long) gave him a job on *The Telegraph*. Spencer worked a few weeks, then walked out; for he never had stayed longer than six months on any paper in some fifteen years of reporting. But Long had discovered Spencer's gift for waggery.

A year later Publisher W. T. Anderson wanted a paragrapher to brighten up the editorial page of his newly-acquired paper, then ninety-two years old.

Spencer got the job. Ever since he has initialed J.D.S. at the bottom of one of the nation's saltiest columns, seven days a week. He pounds out pungent stuff with shrewd, droll, jocular observations.

"I'd be proud to be known as a humorist," he says, "but thank God I'm no wit."

Wit—Typical of his manner of commenting amusingly was his statement anent Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick, official of the National Labor Relations Board, criticized last year for her remarks about Hitler:

A lady official of the United States should at all times remember to keep her mouth on such a high plane as to make it next to impossible for her to put her foot into it without spraining her knee. The truth is, a lady official's mouth's place is in the home.

In the main, "More Otherwise Than Wise" is made up of quips and nimble-witted remarks about the news of the day.

Examples:

John Lewis's picture makes him look like we felt that time we inadvertently swallowed the stump of a cigar. Maybe he is practising up on wearing a hair shirt.

Mussolini says Italy will make herself economically independent if it takes a twenty-five-hour day to do it. Nearly every time you hear from Rome the Italian working man is getting some new concession.

The rebellious angels of Father Divine went back into the fold when he began giving away fried-chicken dinners. Mr. Hoover had the idea first, but he couldn't find the chickens.

But Spencer writes about anything which comes to his mind. His column (almost 1,000 words) is composed of a series of pithy paragraphs. One of the most recent of his quoted comments was:

Mr. Ford is making paint out of soybeans, but the report is it is not fit to drink.

Spencer writes much of his pets. There is Jim, a crow, "black as the record of the Ohio gang, cuter than Clara Bow, funnier than Ben Turpin, can and will talk except when you want him to show off."

The paragrapher grows irate over fan-letter writers who ask if Jim's tongue is split; says the old tradition that you have to split a crow's tongue to make him talk is bunk.

Epitaph—There was a black-and-white Mister Pat once. When he died on Thanksgiving eve in 1931, Spencer wrote an obituary that made half of Macon choke back the tears. In part it read:

When Mister Pat shoved off for the Great Unknown it left us with a sickly, helpless, heartachy feeling and a Thanksgiving day that wouldn't jell. . . . Thursday morning when we were burying Pat in one of his favorite spots in the yard, a thrasher stopped on a blackberry-vine near by and commenced singing. The Lady of the House, who is even sobbier than we are, stopped crying long enough to ask if we thought he was singing a prayer for Mister Pat. Of course we didn't, but we said we did and somehow the lie seemed to help us both. It's funny how a little thing like that affects one. . . . Anyway, Mister Pat was a loving and lovable cat. We miss him and we shall go on missing him more than we know how to say.

Surrounded by pets and books, Spencer lives in Shirley Hills, suburb of Macon. His wife, the former Maidee McCrorey of Atlanta, takes his copy to the office in town every day.

Few persons in Macon have seen Spencer. In the "dark brown study of the Etruscan villa" he writes his paragraphs, getting more inspiration from the bird life around than from most people he might meet in the streets. Some of his choicest bits have been about the thrashers, catbirds, cardinals and mocking-birds that nest in the yard. Or a note about the jay-bird that steals from the wren's nest, the robin whose broken leg Mrs. Spencer put into splints.

Method—Sitting in an old armchair, elbows propped on a newspaper-strewn table, Spencer works. The usual picture of him is with a green shade over his spectacled blue eyes, his collar off, his hair in disarray. (The hair is graying slightly and thinning too, tho Spencer says he would have enough hair for bangs if it didn't grow so far back.)

When he finds an item that interests him, he writes his comment with a stubby pencil on a sheet of copy-paper. When he figures he has enough material for a column, he rewrites it on the typewriter. Since an appendectomy two years ago, he seldom goes to the office.

He likes his stucco bungalow, hidden by pines, sweetgums and elms on his "manorial estate, 138-and-some-odd by 90-and-something."

Spencer will not drive a car and doesn't even care about riding in one.

"I am going to have it put on my tombstone," he says, "that I tried to learn to drive a car, but had sense enough to quit before I learned."

He stutters slightly. One of his paragraphs, famous for eighteen years:

As President of the Stutterers' Union, we mailed a card last week to the deaf-and-dumb man who got three fingers cut off in a cotton-gin.

The columnist hates bread-pudding, spinach, carrots, strawberry shortcake, old

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jokes, chain-letters and parsnips. He once commented:

The New York State Department of Agriculture declares the parsnip to be a delectable and toothsome food and especially delicious when served in flaming rum. We might risk one eye on a dipperful of flaming rum, but we wouldn't want to take on enough to put us in the mood to eat a parsnip.

Stars—At the moment Spencer is interested in perusing the esthetics of the strip-dance, but his favorite characters for contemplation are California's famous religious propagators — Sister Aimee McPherson and Sister Rheba Crawford.

Student of the classics and seldom reading modern works, Spencer gets his lightest amusement from detective magazines, which he calls "intensely amusing in their unconscious humor." He also likes to catch radio entertainers on their old gags, other writers on misquotations of the classics.

Born in Jackson, Tennessee, Spencer virtually was reared in a newspaper office where he made friends with tramp printers, roving reporters and learned to set type for "fuzzy-bugs" (Tennessee term for medicine ads). After public school, Spencer went to a Baptist University, but at the end of one year (he says), they swapped him for a good case of yellow fever in the interests of the institution.

Roaming—As a gipsy-reporter, the youngster worked in St. Louis, Atlanta, New York, Chicago, Mobile, New Orleans and as far west as Denver. Mobile and St. Louis were his favorite places.

Of all his adventures, Spencer remembers one in Mobile, altho he tells it reluctantly to strangers. With a pal, George Flournoy, he decided to make some extra money selling news-stories to metropolitan dailies—and truth was to be somewhat relegated to the background.

One evening, when he and George had been celebrating the Fall of Rome or Washington's Birthday (any excuse would do), they decided to burn up a turpentine district across Mobile Bay. They wrote out a query to editors: "Incendiary fires across Mobile Bay. Twenty-three Negroes burned," then took another drink and decided to burn the whole colony.

Final revision of the query read: "Incendiary fires across the Bay. Whole turpentine district burned. Exclusive interview with sole survivor who rowed flatboat across Mobile Bay with charred flesh dropping from his body."

Managing editors from San Francisco to New York perked up. "Send 3,000 words," they wired. So the celebrating reporters filed their stories, took another one and went to bed.

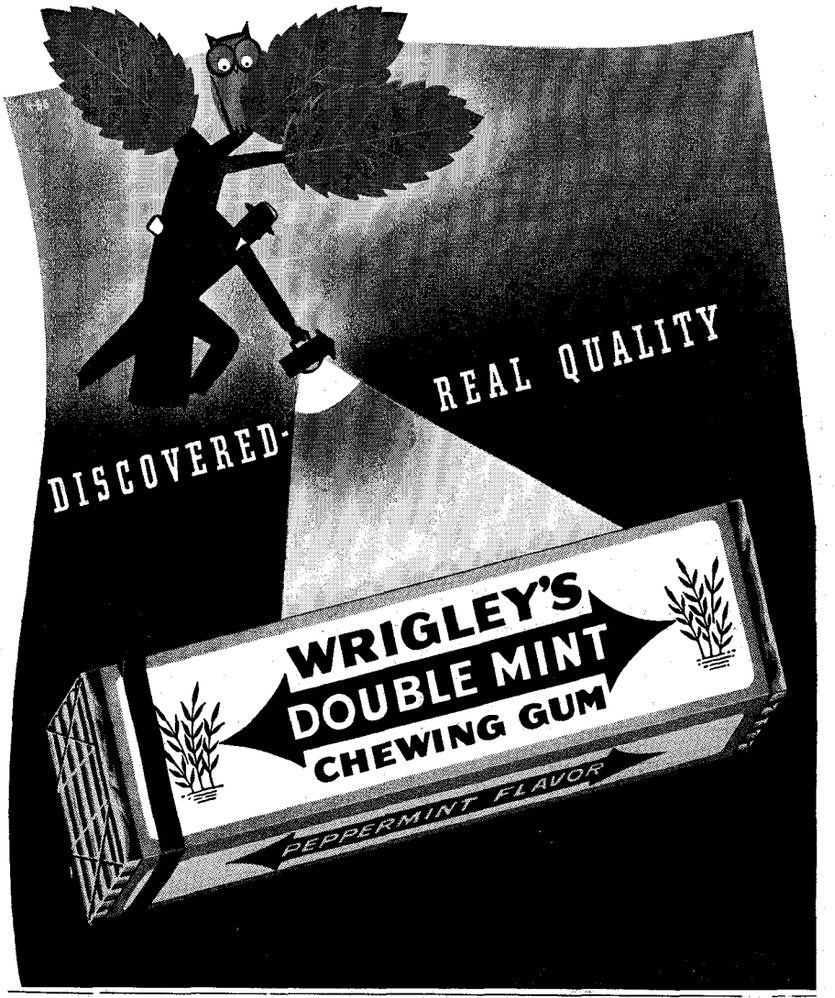
Ruckus—Trouble started when The Associated Press got the story from a New York paper which had bought it from Spencer and Flournoy. The AP wired its Mobile correspondent, who happened, unfortunately, to be Spencer's boss, Colonel Craighead of the Mobile *Register*. The AP wanted to know why Craighead had missed the biggest story of the year and wired Spencer's entire story in.

Next day *The Morning Register* carried head-lines in 120-point type:

LOOK WHAT NEWSPAPER FAKERS ARE DOING TO MOBILE.

Spencer and Flournoy left town.

From that time on, Spencer says, he always was leaving town until he joined the Macon *Telegraph*.



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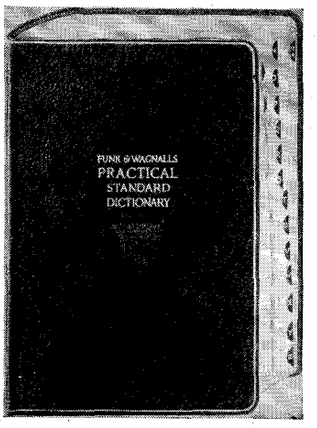

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OPEN SEASON OVER "ROARING GRAND"

New Amateur Masters for Champing Trotters and Pacers

The best method of riling an amateur athlete is to insinuate he is a professional; the surest way of getting a professional's goat is to dub him an amateur.

In an athletics-conscious era whose fabulous gate-receipts have created a gulf between professionals and non-professionals technically wider than the Atlantic, actually narrower in spots than the Panama Canal, few sports have escaped at least occasional headaches caused by the amateur problem.

A notable exception is harness horse-racing, whose first 1937 Grand Circuit meeting at Toledo's Fort Miami track next Monday will launch the country's fleetest standard-breds on a thirteen-week campaign of eleven cities.

Controlled by wealthy men more interested in the sport than in its dividends, the trotting-and-pacing game knows no amateur-professional pother. A professional simply is a man who drives or trains horses for a living. Every one else is an amateur.

Fillip—Until last year, modern harness-racing's clear distinction between amateur and professional in effect was equivalent to that between spectator and participant. Few amateurs drove their own horses in races; fewer still had an active hand in their training.

The major development of the last year has been a steady influx of moneyed young social lights into the sport of schooling and driving trotters and pacers. The effect of new blood and new money may be one of the greatest factors in harness-racing since 1788, when Messenger, an imported English thoroughbred stallion which didn't know how to trot, founded the present line of American standard-breds.

Most prominent of the younger amateurs taking up the sport are Dunbar W. Bostwick and Elbridge T. Gerry, well-known Long Island polo-players. Last winter, Bostwick and Gerry opened an elaborate off-season training-plant at Aiken, South Carolina.

Odds—Future-book odds on this year's Hambletonian, the "Kentucky Derby" for three-year-old trotters, rated Bostwick's Hollyrood Audrey a six to one possibility. At four to one was Maytag, owned by Seymour Knox, also famed as a poloist. Both men may drive their horses in the $40,000 Hambletonian at Goshen, New York, on August 11.

Amateurs, by the way, don't lose their standing by winning purse-money, but, because of inexperience, few amateurs will compete for the estimated $5,000,000 purses to be distributed this summer at nearly 900 race-meetings on and off the Grand Circuit. Most of them will drive against one another, for trophies, in the so-called matinee (amateur) events.

Hotbeds of matinee programs this summer are the two tracks at Goshen and the ninety-six-year-old half-mile oval at Mineola, Long Island.

For owners of the 600-odd fastest of the country's 15,000 trotters and pacers, major interest revolves around the tracks comprising the Grand Circuit, the sport's big league, formed in 1873.

This year's "Roaring Grand" lists meetings at Toledo (night), June 28-July 3; Cleveland, July 5-10; Goshen (Historic Track), July 13-17; Old Orchard Beach, Maine, July 19-31; Agawam, Massachusetts, August 2-7; Goshen (Good-Time Park), August 9-14; Springfield, Illinois, August 16-21; Columbus, Ohio, August 30-September 4; Indianapolis, September 6-11; Syracuse, September 6-11; Reading, Pennsylvania, September 13-18; Lexington, Kentucky, September 24-October 2.

High light of the season is a meeting scheduled for this summer, time and place unsettled, between E. J. Baker's five-year-old gelding, Greyhound, and the seven-year-old Muscletone, Europe's fastest trotter.

Greyhound, now training at Toledo under the veteran Septer Faith Palin, won the 1935 Hambletonian in straight heats. He is currently the fastest trotter in the United States. Last August, at Springfield, Illinois, he trotted a mile in one minute 57¼ seconds, just half a second slower than the world record of 1:56¾ set fifteen years ago by the illustrious Peter Manning, also a gelding.

In 1935, as a three-year-old, Greyhound was undefeated in eight starts. Last year, he won his first five races. In the sixth, at Goshen's Historic Track, he won the first heat, losing the second to a horse named Angel Child. Palin withdrew him from the third heat and the race never was settled.

Il Duce?—Bred in America, Muscletone officially is owned by Givo Maiani of Milan.

Gossip credits his unofficial ownership to Premier Mussolini, who, it is alleged, paid $5,000 for him.

On American tracks, Muscletone's fastest time for the mile was 2:02. Shipped abroad as a three-year-old, he improved rapidly and is said to have trotted a mile in less than 1:58, unquestionably being European champion.

Owners of Greyhound and Muscletone already have posted side-bets of $10,000 apiece and are dickering for a track which will put up another $10,000 guaranty for staging the first international match-race in American trotting history. Experts estimate that the race, properly ballyhooed, should draw a "gate" of between $50,000 and $100,000. A return match will be held next year, either in Paris or in Milan.

Generally faster than pacing, tho the record is exactly the same, trotting is considered the standard gait for harness-horses. The trotter's gait is diagonal, the right foreleg coming forward with the left hindleg. The pacer has a lateral motion, both legs on the same side coming forward simultaneously.

Hobbled—To help them maintain the rolling motion sometimes described as "wiggling" or "side-wheeling," most pacers race in hobbles, leather straps which direct the gait.

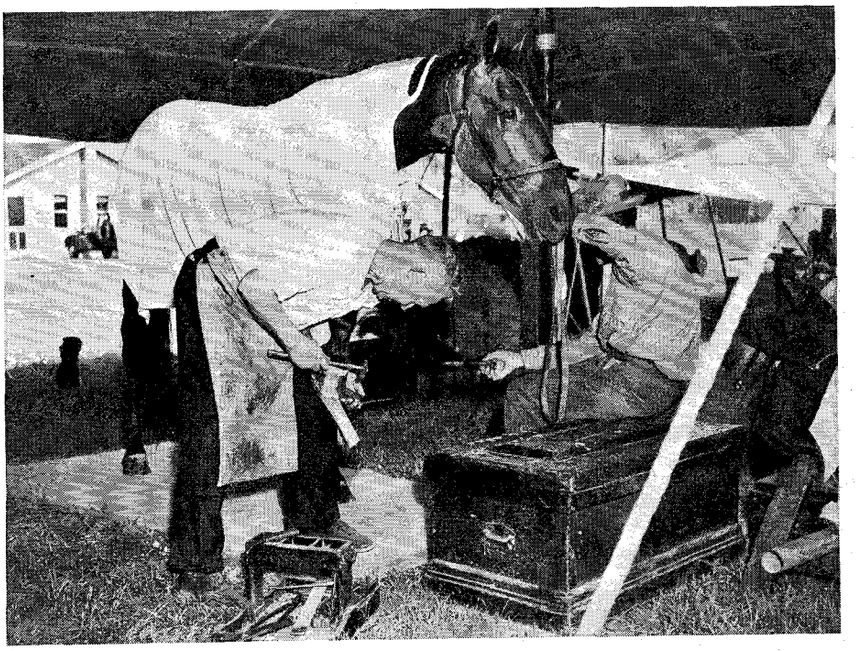
Following time-honored custom, trotters and pacers invariably are identified by the best time they have made for the mile, standard distance for a heat. Currently, however, public estimation rates the horses by the amount of money they have earned.

The heaviest money-winner in harness-horse history was Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, which piled up a total of $264,573 between 1867 and 1880. Goldsmith Maid was a trotter. She set her 2:14 world record in 1874, at fourteen.

The leading money-winner for 1936 was Gibson White's three-year-old filly Rosalind, 2:01 3-4, whose victory in the Hambletonian helped jack up her total to $37,834.95 for the year. Rosalind's earnings for two years are $47,921.72, almost $10,000 more than Greyhound has grossed in three.

Champion harness-horses, incidentally, have less earning-power than equally prominent thoroughbreds. World record for winnings on the running turf is $376,744, piled up by Willis Sharpe Kilmer's Sun Beau between 1927 and 1931.

Forecast—Aided by the fresh interest of wealthy amateurs and added investments of approximately $1,000,000 in new tracks



Rotofotos

The Viscount gets a new set of "plates" for 1937 trotting-races

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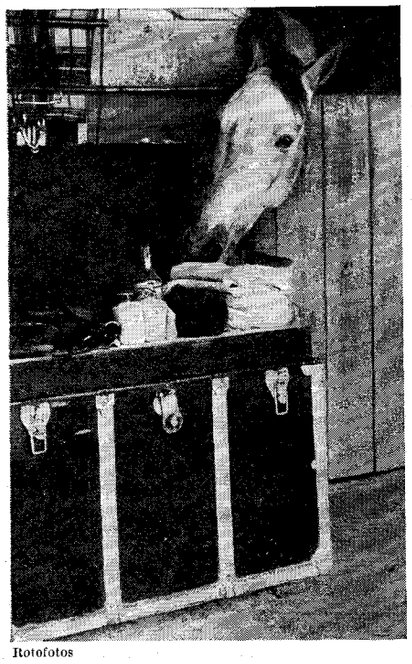

Rotofotos

E. J. Baker's Greyhound inquisitively noses his training equipment for forthcoming races

and improvements, harness-racing this year probably will have its peak season since the depression.

For spectators, interest undoubtedly will be heightened by improved rules for starting. In previous years, the maneuvering, at speed, for a flying start has led to confusion and exasperating delays caused by unnecessary "scoring."

To cut the number of false starts, new rules prohibit the rushing start. Horses are required to walk to the turning-point up the track, turn around and approach the starting-post at a walk.

When the starter calls, "Come on, slowly!" the horses pick up a slow trot or pace, holding their positions in line, until the starting-bell sends them away. After that, it's every horse for itself.

DAINTY DISH: Four-and-Twenty Black Crows, Baked in Pie, Help Save Other Birds

No. 1 outlaw of the bird world is the crow, whose vaunted slyness and insatiable appetite have made it a prime menace to crops and wild life.

This summer, joining a vigilante army of farmers who for generations instinctively have reached for a shotgun at the first caw, hunters from coast to coast are blasting away at crows with the benediction of Federal and private conservation agencies.

For crows, surveys have revealed, are the most destructive of all predatory birds. In the Canadian duck-breeding areas, investigators have credited the birds with destroying as many as 40 per cent. of the first duck-eggs laid.

Voracious—Crows like to crush eggs to bits, then eat them, shell and all. By flocks sometimes numbering 100,000, the aggregate damage done is tremendous.

To fight this menace, many States offer bounties up to twenty-five cents a bird. In Indiana, the Department of Conservation sponsored annual contests starting in 1934. Since then, participating clubs have bagged 194,781 crows.

Best features of crow-shooting are: No closed seasons, no bag-limits and no scarcity of birds.

Contrary to general belief, the jet-black, sharp-billed birds don't always fly "as straight as a crow," but present an erratic target demanding a quick trigger-finger and keen eye.

Most interesting phase of the sport is attracting the crows within shooting distance. Crows rank among the world's smartest birds. Their sight is uncanny. You can't just wander out into a field and pepper them with buckshot.

The first thing to do is to pick out an open area where crows often are seen, preferably near an evergreen grove or a lightly wooded district. For a decoy, use either a live or stuffed owl.

Owlers—Crows hate owls and will go out of their way to torment them. Hide from view, give a few blasts on your crow-call or imitate vocally the sounds of crows quarreling. When the crow approaches and swoops down at the decoy, pick him off with a shotgun.

Stuffed or live crows make good decoys, too. Or you can use bait, such as horse-meat, fish or corn. Seventy-two per cent. of a crow's diet is vegetable matter and more than half of that is corn.

Most of the crow's success as a marauder can be traced to his gregarious instincts. The popular belief that a flock posts sentries to warn of danger never has been authenticated beyond argument, but individual birds always will give the flock warning before they wing away from a suspicious object.

Crows steal eggs from other birds, but they never molest those of their own kind. They steal nesting material from each other, however.

Female crows usually lay five eggs, only rearing one brood a year. Both male and female take turns sitting on the eggs.

Succulent—A major platform in the Department of Agriculture's war against *Corvus americanus* is elimination of the humiliation attaching to the common phrase, "Eat crow." Crows, says the Department, are delicious to eat. Bulletins describe the best methods of cooking them.

A former Tulsa health official, Dr. T. W. Stallings, was the first to publicize crow-meat as a valuable food. He had the meat analyzed, finding it richer in protein than chicken and only slightly less nutritious than quail.

For roast crow, pick and skin the bird, saving only the breast and legs. The wings aren't any good. Parboil for two hours. Stuff with an apple or an onion, lay a strip of bacon on the breast and place in a Dutch oven with water half-covering the bird.

Add one-fourth cup of vinegar and three or four bay-leaves. Cover with lid and place in oven for three hours, adding water when needed.

After the crow is well-roasted, pour half a can of condensed milk into the Dutch oven, add more water, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a tablespoon and half of capers, a pinch of salt and pepper and bring the whole business to a boil.

Garnish with parsley and serve with a spoonful of wild rice on the side.

You can also make stew, broth or sandwich-spread out of crow-meat. Or pot roast.

Experimenters contend that crow-meat is extremely tender and surprizingly tasty. They say you can't distinguish between its flavor and that of squab.

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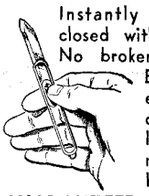

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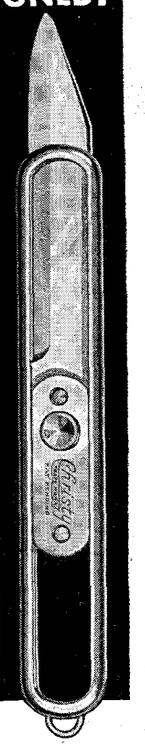

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FRANC AND RED INK JUGGLER OUT

Blum Resigns After Almost Winning Financial Dictatorship

After one year and fifteen days, Europe's greatest juggling act, in which Léon Blum astounded the world with his ability to balance francs and red ink, came to a tumultuous end shortly after midnight Sunday.

In the country where governments since the War have mounted to power only to tumble down again with ever-increasing frequency, M. Blum succeeded in triumphing over crisis after crisis during his twelve-month stay in office until European Governments thought him more than a politician—apparently a magician.

Once last week M. Blum's spirits soared, buoyant with the joy of a newly achieved victory. His thin voice, spouting irrefutable facts and logic, triumphed over the impassioned thunder of opponents. His Popular Front Government (a coalition of Socialists, Radical Socialists and Communists), after twenty-four hours of crises, surprizes and changing situations, emerged from the fray practically intact.

Aid—At that time, by a vote of 346 to 247 (slightly smaller than the usual majority), the Chamber of Deputies approved the Government's plea for full powers until July 31 to impose a financial dictatorship in a desperate effort to balance the budget and smash the new outburst of speculation against the franc.

The Communists saved Blum's face. In an eleventh-hour dramatic change of mind, when the Blum Government appeared about to collapse, they threw their seventy-three votes behind the Premier rather than assume any responsibility for collapse of the Government.

That skirmish won, the Coalition Cabinet girded for a stiffer battle—an assault on the unfriendly Senate, most dangerous weakness in the Blum political defense. Blum's proposed financial dictatorship required Senate approval. The masses, in their great majority, still stood solidly behind him.

But when the week-end arrived and the Senate got a chance at Blum's proposals, it was a different story. There were no Communist votes in the conservative Senate to assist Blum.

Down—Repeating the histrionics and dramatics of the events of midweek, the Premier went into the Senate and fought. It refused his plea once, and then again, just before midnight Sunday, threw its refusal back into his face by a vote of 188 to 112.

The Premier's final plea to the Senate indicated the hopelessness of the situation. With the atmosphere tense he said:

"I ask you to vote for this project, but I have no illusions about the Senate's true feelings toward the Government. Those feelings are courteous but apprehensive. We are the Popular Front. The Senate is not. The condition is serious and grave, and the Government needs real power to deal with it. We have the confidence of the cities and farms and the respect of international opinion. Do not ignore this, gentlemen."

But ignore it the Senators did. All attempts at compromise in the corridors failed. They opposed any "tampering" with the franc, they vehemently condemned control by decree, making any forced loans, forcing of bonds or interfering with the free movement of gold.

Dam—M. Blum insisted and Finance Minister Vincent Auriol informed the Senate that the Government had to be given the right to take "stern measures" to stem the flood of capital from France.

Up until the Senate disaster, the Government, fortified with decree powers, hoped to:

Dam the flow of gold pouring out of the country at the rate of 750,000,000 francs daily.

Raise new revenues to meet an estimated deficit of 40,000,000,000 francs ($1,760,000,000) in the Government's ordinary and heavy armaments expenditures for 1937.

© International

Desperate pleas by Premier Blum proved futile

Indications were that the Government planned to take these revenue-producing and protectionary steps:

1. Increase income taxes on all incomes exceeding 60,000 francs ($2,670).
2. Raise railway and postal rates to make the railroads and post-office self-supporting (the State-controlled railroads cost France about $360,000,000 a year to operate).
3. Impose various excise taxes, avoiding imposts on the principal necessities of life, a concession which helped to swing the Communist vote to Blum.
4. Supervise banking operations with a view to checking speculative exchange operations, which are held chiefly responsible for the sagging franc.

But, sadly, France remembered with Blum's defeat that the franc, devalued last fall by the Premier, and the frequently juggled discount rate of the Bank of France had failed to halt the flight of capital to more attractive foreign markets. Owners of wealth appeared to hold little confidence in France's Socialist Government. Since the gold exodus started last March, an estimated 50,000,000,000 francs ($2,250,000,000) left France either for safe-keeping or investment. An estimated $600,000,000 of French gold flowed to America, lured by *Uncle Sam's* world-top price of $35 an ounce.

Gold fled, too, in fear of the Popular Front's social-reform program.

To stem the tide of gold, the Bank of France last week raised the discount rate again, from 4 to 6 per cent. Possibility of hoisting it still higher, perhaps to 8 per cent., was suggested in press-cables. (Rate of the Bank of England, 2 per cent.; of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, 1½ per cent.). Increase in the French bank rate brought no immediate improvement in the foreign-exchange situation or any spectacular change on the Bourse.

In the midst of this turmoil, came more grave news to Premier Blum. Prof. Charles Rist and Paul Baudoin, two of the country's outstanding economic authorities, resigned from the management committee of the Exchange Equalization Fund.

Appointed last March, these two conservatives sought to convince the public that an orthodox financial policy on liberal lines would be enforced. They started to draft a budget-balancing program with conservative measures, but learned the Government planned socialistic fiscal schemes of its own.

Rumors—These reports revived: That France might withdraw from the tripartite pact entered last fall with England and the United States in an attempt to minimize financial fluctuations; that France had exhausted its $500,000,000 Exchange Equalization Fund set up as part of the pact. M. Blum's office promptly denied that France planned to withdraw.

To such rumors, official Washington turned an interested, but calm ear, manifesting no anxiety for the stabilization agreement which, it was held, could be continued by the United States and Britain without the help of France.

Into the tripartite picture last week entered Winfield W. Reifler, a professor at the Institute for Advanced Study. The Treasury Department announced that Professor Reifler had been engaged to advise the Government in the management of its $2,000,000,000 stabilization fund.

BOTTLED GAS: Towns Now Don't Have to Grow Up to Get Fuel for Their Ranges

To brew a pot of tea, to cook a meal or boil a washing, city housewives flip a valve open on their kitchen ranges. Presto! fire flames under the pot at their magic touch, fed with gas piped from distant reservoirs.

But city wives see no miracle in this; they have, in fact, taken gas pretty much for granted since the close of the eighteenth century, when William Murdock, a Scotsman, dazzled the world by lighting his Cornwall home with gas he distilled from coal. From the bleak Cornish coast sprang the manufactured-gas industry more than a century ago.

Yet, some 16,000,000 families of this country to-day yearn for the convenience of gas. Scattered over the mountain, farming or other thinly settled areas, these families live beyond the gas-mains.

To hillsides ringing with cries for gas, near-by public utilities often turn a deaf

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BY THURRA GRAYMAR
Preface by WILLIAM McANDREW

Are the schools of the future going to follow the familiar road of academic tradition, or the experimental road of "Progressive Education"?

From her many years of experience as a teacher, Miss Graymar points out the pitfalls and weaknesses of a system too often adopted with more enthusiasm than understanding, and offers definite suggestions for a middle way.

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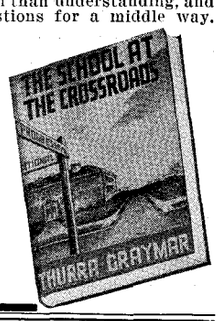

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Tanked—To the rescue of these 16,000,000 families finally sprang the petroleum industry, not with gas from mains, but with gas in bottles—small metal tanks loaded with liquefied natural-petroleum gas, installed in a few hours and replenished right on the customer's property and yielding a gas equivalent in consumer use to city gas distilled from coal and oil.

Piped to ranges, water-heaters, refrigerators and other appliances, these "baby gas-wells" last week provided gas for 300,000 rural homes. Experts then estimated that 100,000 additional "wells" would be installed this year as major petroleum companies, now fully alive to the almost limitless possibilities of bottled gas, battled one another, tooth and nail, for new consumers.

Potential users became the target for broadsides of gas-promotion advertisements shot from pages of rural newspapers, magazines and handbills. Bill-boards screamed at motorists: "Cook with Natural Gas." Flashy pamphlets in color appeared, depicting young housewives zestfully preparing succulent meals over white enamel gas-ranges trimmed with nickel.

Era—Across parched deserts, over the Rockies and Sierras, down the lakes and rivers, from coast to coast, some 2,000 rival bottled gas salesmen last week scurried for customers. From farm to farm, village to village, State to State, they preached their gospel.

College girls conducted cooking classes in rural schools and auditoriums packed with villagers and farmers interested also in such added attractions as door-prizes, games and donations to local church leagues, such donations being commensurate with the attendance. Liquefied-gas companies pronounced the doom of obsolete stoves and ice-boxes, singing to farmers and rural residents everywhere the song of a new era in household comfort.

Yet, only a few years ago, many petroleum operators threw this gas away as useless, or burned it as a cheap fuel in their own operations.

Fastest growing of the newer American industries, liquefied gas daily lures new investment capital as demands for strong financial structures grow more pronounced. Small operators labor along under heavy handicaps.

Such Titans of the petroleum industry as Standard Oil of California, Phillips Petroleum Company, Union Carbon & Carbide Corp., etc., appeared, until last year, undisputed leaders in bottled gas.

Gage—Then, however, a new corporation, the Atlantic States Gas Co., Inc., of 50 Broadway, New York, boldly challenged such leadership. Technical adviser and one of the operations managers of this company is Col. George A. Burrell, sandy-haired and fifty-four, former chief chemical engineer of the Bureau of Mines, whose spectacular discovery in 1917 of helium in Texas put the Government in the helium business.

Colonel Burrell holds the Distinguished Service Medal, awarded for his work during the War as Director of the Army's Chemical Warfare Service. He helped to modernize Russia's natural-gas industry in 1930 and 1931.

Colonel Burrell launched his Company with a sales-force of 250 men and women and a consumer-rate then below that of

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Adventures and Discoveries in New Guinea
By MICHAEL LEAHY and MAURICE CRAIN

The map said "unexplored," but Michael Leahy was after gold. In his search in the interior of New Guinea he discovered a quarter of a million of stone-age savages.

"The Land That Time Forgot" should rank as the outstanding travel book of the year."—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

"Amazing adventures among people that are almost prehistoric."—*Omaha Bee News.*

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competitors. The first consumer having signed up in June, 1936, the Company last week observed its first anniversary of operation by announcing customers topped 7,500, were burning gas at the rate of 1,600,000 gallons a year, or more than seven times the total 222,000 gallons produced by the industry in 1922.

This Company operates out of Cortland, New York; Lewistown, Pennsylvania, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, expects soon to expand these three territories, then open additional ones in other States. Colonel Burrell expects his customers will top 25,000 next year, envisioning 300,000 by 1942.

Consumers—Domestic users burned about one-third of the 90,000,000 gallons of liquefied gas produced last year. Some 59,000,000 gallons went to industries, 9,000,000 gallons to manufacturers of artificial gas for enriching mixtures; the rest, about 27,000,000 gallons, went into homes, schools, wayside inns, rural hospitals, etc.

Components of liquefied gas occur in natural gas which, composed chiefly of methane and ethane, two of the hydrocarbon series of compounds, occurs in petroleum regions. Procured by sinking wells, natural gas is found by itself and with petroleum. Found with the latter, it produces the underground pressure which shoots oil hundreds of feet above the earth's surface when oil-drillers strike a "gusher."

When stored in tanks under pressure and processed, a portion of the natural gas liquefies into natural gasoline. The gasoline drawn off there remains a residue gas containing gases technically called propane, iso-butane and normal butane. When processed, these three gases also liquefy, but evaporate instantly under normal atmospheric conditions.

Expanding—This is liquefied gas, the bottled gas sold in metal tanks and so condensed that one cubic foot produces the equivalent heating-units of about 1,400 cubic feet of artificial gas.

Early oil operators thought propane, iso-butane and normal butane had no practical commercial possibilities. But one did not—A. N. Kerr, Pittsburgh gas-and-oil operator. Back in 1909 he put liquefied gas in metal containers, peddling it to near-by villagers and others beyond the gas-mains. By piping the gas from tanks to stoves, Kerr's customers enjoyed city-gas conveniences.

But the rates were high. Poor people could not afford Kerr's gas.

Yet Kerr virtually launched an industry. Other operators took notice, distributing the gas with tongue in cheek. Local distributors mostly were general stores, hardware merchants, garages and filling-stations handling bottled gas as a side-line.

The oil industry, hard pressed to keep gasoline flowing to the unquenchable thirst of the howling infant automobile trade, treated its liquefied-gas offspring with parental indifference. Production in 1922 barely topped 220,000 gallons. Nobody appeared to care.

The Union Carbon & Carbide Corp. entered the field about that time, following its work for the Government in extracting the Texas helium which Colonel Burrell had discovered. This company marketed its bottled gas as Pyrofax, to-day widely used by rural residents throughout the East. Later, Standard Oil of New Jersey put Essotane on the market.

Bottled gas got its real impetus in 1928, when the Phillips Petroleum Co. organized its liquefied-gas division as the Philgas Co., giving George G. Oberfell, former Bureau of Mines chemical engineer, the job of expanding service and signing up new customers.

Oberfell tackled first the consumer cost. Before 1928, bottled-gas utilization equipment, such as tanks and pipe-connections, cost the consumer from $125 to $200 to buy. Too much money, Philgas decided, slashing installation costs to $38.50, leasing equipment free, except, of course, stoves, water-heaters and other appliances. Competing companies followed suit. Production that year leaped to 4,500,000 gallons and the bleating youngster of 1909, now a husky, roaring force fast outgrowing his clothes, clamored for man-sized attention.

Sales climbed steadily until 1935, when companies, having improved financial set-ups, sliced installation costs to $9.75, the present level, now the only cost to the consumer except that of appliances and gas consumed. Sales then soared. Liquefied-gas companies last year took in an estimated $35,000,000 from consumers. Rates tumbled, also; to-day, many are lower than those of near-by public utilities selling artificial gas.

Price Picture News

Col. George A. Burrell . . . father of helium, puts his faith in bottled gas

Gadgets—All companies sell appliances, consumers being able to buy stoves, heaters, ice-boxes, etc., on the deferred-payment plan.

Generally, distribution and service methods are alike among the competing companies. Poured into specially insulated tank-cars at the plant, liquefied gas is shipped to large reservoirs or bulk stations, each of which serves those consumers within a twenty-five- or fifty-mile radius. These stations supply fleets of automotive tank-trucks which, in turn, carry gas to the consumer's cellar or back-yard tank.

Installed sometimes above ground, sometimes below, these tanks hold from ten to 1,000 gallons of liquefied gas, a 125-gallon tank supplying a family of four with gas from six to nine months. Companies inspect tanks and refill them. Bills arrive monthly. Some consumers have metered service; for others, bills are computed by weighing their tanks to measure gas consumed.

Latest cheers for liquefied gas went up a fortnight ago at Bedford, Pennsylvania. Altho situated beyond the fifty-mile radius of the Lewistown, Pennsylvania, bulk station, Bedford residents got the Atlantic States Gas Co. to stretch a point, staging a celebration when gas-trucks arrived. The Bedford *Gazette* joined the celebration, issued a forty-page supplement bulging with gas-appliance advertisements and gas-cooking recipes.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

When tall, red-haired George D. Strohmeyer stepped up to the Presidency of the Childs Company in 1933, the restaurant chain (now consisting of eighty-eight places in this country and Canada) was running in the red. Strohmeyer promptly closed unprofitable outlets and converted the white-tiled restaurants into homey, comfortable ones. Comforted by the Company's 1936 net income of $291,139 (more than twice that of 1935) Childs's thirty-nine-year-old President last week invaded the lower-priced restaurant field with a string of counter-service restaurants, to be operated by the newly formed "Host, Inc.," a wholly-owned Childs' subsidiary. The first unit will open on September 1 at 32 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

* * *

To air-minded business men and others who like to "keep in touch with things" even while soaring over the country came the announcement last week by Northwest Airlines that on and after July 1 a new fleet of planes on the Chicago-Seattle, Chicago-Winnipeg runs would be equipped with plane-to-ground telephone service for passenger use.

* * *

Following powwows since January with professors and students of colleges throughout the country, the United States Steel Corporation last week announced it had raided the campuses of ninety-one colleges and universities, picking 594 graduates to train for careers in steel.

* * *

To survey its depressed state, Paramount Pictures, Inc., last year hired Joseph Patrick Kennedy, former SEC Chairman, paid him $50,000 for a report on the company. Last week, a year after the Kennedy report, Barney Balaban, Paramount President, reported to stockholders that the company earned $2,012,000 the first four months of this year, compared with $718,000 during the same period last year, that it had jumped from fourth to second place in the motion-picture industry.

* * *

Compiling statistics of business activity, the Department of Commerce last week reported that national income produced (goods and services) last year rose to $63,800,000,000—a 16 per cent. boost over 1935. National income paid out (wages, salaries, dividends, interest) increased to $62,100,000,000—14 per cent. better than 1935. Positive savings to business (excess of income over outgo) last year totaled $1,700,000,000, the first positive saving since 1929.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

was decided to-day at the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Hobos of America.

"'Lots of fakes claim my title,' Jeff told the 200 delegates. 'But you can settle for once and all who is the real King.' The convention reaffirmed a resolution making Davis hobo King for life."

Obviously, THE DIGEST'S writer was in error when he called me a self-styled hobo King and then spoke of Dan O'Brien as King of Hobos. For Dan O'Brien never has held a hobo convention in his life. Nor was he a charter-member of the Hobos of America, as your article stated, but joined the Hobos of America in 1933 at the Chicago hobo convention. In 1934, he was kicked out because he was not a hobo, as he had bragged to the press of New York City.

The Hobo News-Review is the official publication of the Hobos of America . . . has been published since 1908, while O'Brien's *Hobo News* in New York City has been published only since last Christmas.

. . . It's a downright libelous lie to speak of the "smart press-agentry of Davis." Obviously, your writer showed his hatred of me in a very coarse manner. Press-agentry for what?

. . . But what gets me is that THE LITERARY DIGEST shoud aid such fakes and impostors (as O'Brien), blackening the eyes of a courteous public which has read elsewhere worthy accounts of the activities, patriotic and social, of the Hobos of America. . . . We have letters from many public officials of America commending our work. . . .

. . . Hobos do marry, notwithstanding the O'Brien statement. I will be married thirty-seven years this coming October 29, have two children, a daughter thirty-four, a son thirty-two and two grandchildren. So where do you get that stuff about the Hotel DeGink in 1915, then my going back to the Midwest, marrying and settling down? Who gave you those libelous statements? Who is to blame for the discomforts of members of my family, especially my wife, who has been under the care of doctors since the publishing of that malicious attack upon me and my family?

. . . I am sending you this for publication so that you will print our side of the story. . . . I am after no money, but promise you that I expect fair treatment . . . for myself and my organization. . . .

Hamilton County, Ohio.

Frank Hague

By MATHEW KAHN—

Your recent article concerning Frank Hague is the neatest trick of the month. That any politician could achieve so *Polyanna* a biography is too good to be true. Now that you have proved yourselves so skilled with whitewash, I can scarcely wait to see what you will do with Rasputin, Mussolini or Hitler.

It might be of interest to state that Jersey City has the highest per capita debt in the U. S., that its finances are so far from good that it issues tax-anticipation notes, that its school system is considered the poorest of any city in New Jersey. Many of the streets are poorly paved and badly lighted. While large sections of the city are slum areas, even the most antiquated tenements are considered the rule. . . .

This patriot of yours is bitterly against organized labor (in the bailiwick of Hoboken, police received orders to refuse the meeting of any labor-union for any purpose). Hague is his city's chief Red-baiter. . . .

Culturally, in the last decades the city is the most sterile east of the Rockies. Neither plays nor concerts are given there. Theatrical troupers pass it by. . . . Elections are rife with fraud. . . . The last two Republican Governors were elected with the approval of Hague.

While Hague officially is in no business except that of managing the city, he owns some of its choicest real estate; a few years ago bought a summer home then valued at $250,000.

A magazine of your caliber should print both sides of the story. New York City.

By FRANK J. WALSH, Managing Director, Hudson County Safety Council—

That was a trenchant, two-fisted word-picture of the hard-hitting Frank Hague in your May 22 issue. The Mayor stood out as we know him on this side of the river.

May I contribute two short chapters you missed? Your article was a reminder of the characteristically radical steps Mayor Hague took when he stopped an outcropping of sudden deaths on the newly-opened Pulaski Skyway several years ago. Most of the accidents were head-on collisions caused by attempts of pleasure-car drivers to pass big trucks. Order No. 1: All commercial vehicles banned from the highway. Order No. 2: Every ticket must "stick."

Nor would the record be complete without mention of the famous Jersey City Safety Schools — lecture-courses for motorists two nights a week for the last three years. The average attendance the first year was 30,000, same for last year. The method of organization and control is typical of the Mayor. Regimentation, if you please, spiced with a bit of suggestive persuasion. The pictures, actual scenes of motor killings, are ghastly, given by well-trained young men of the Police Department. But a bang-up entertainment follows, softens the sting; and the Safety Schools go merrily on. This outstanding achievement has helped Mayor Hague's town among the honor-cities of the country when annual awards of the National Traffic Safety Contest are made. Jersey City.

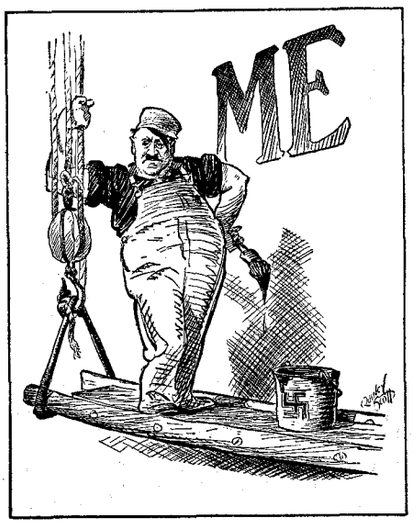
By EDWIN B. LORD,
Executive Vice-President, Jersey City Chamber of Commerce—

I have read your article on Frank Hague in the May 22 issue of THE DIGEST. Lest you form an erroneous opinion of the writer's statements, may I state at the outset that I am a standpat State of Maine Republican. As a youngster, I was not permitted to drink milk from a Democratic cow; my family feared I might be inculcated with Democratic ideas.

Based on more than fifteen years' experience in this city, however, I do not believe you have done full justice to Mayor Hague. In my official position I am not only at a point of vantage to criticize, but also to commend—when I can conscientiously do this. Without mental reservation, I can state that in my judgment Mayor Hague and the City Commissioners have done a remarkable piece of work. Any one who has had the opportunity to observe the work of our Police and Fire Departments must recognize their efficiency. Our Medical Center is undoubtedly the finest in any city of comparable size in the world. . . .

The fact that more than 200 new industries have located in this city during the last few years is the best evidence of what industry thinks of our City Administration.

Jersey City.



"HOHENZOLLERN WAS QUOTED AS SAYING, 'ME UND GOTT' (HOW WORDY!)"

—Scott in Portland Morning Oregonian

Church Property

By J. H. POWELL—

Re Whidden Graham's protest (May 22 issue of THE DIGEST) that a church bought property for $58,000 and sold it for $1,400,000 and his belief that the profit should have gone into a public fund rather than the church fund:

Perhaps, in time, every one will agree to an equitable method of taxation for public service and improvements. It is encouraging that even a good many churchmen have admitted that churches should pay taxes as do other business firms. To me it seems that a graduated income tax, together with an inheritance tax, should suffice to raise all money used for public service. Surely such taxes are the most equitable. Under such a system, churches would pay their millage on all money collected, just as do business organizations taking in money. Tampa.

Paging Howard Scott

By WAYNE BRUTON—Superintendent of Schools—

I had some of the most enticing candy you ever saw on my library table and an ornery kid got in and took most of it. I know who did it. I had given him some pretty tough treatment once before for helping himself to such things. He had promised he wouldn't do the like again. But he has. So I'm going to catch him again and teach him and others like him a good lesson.

Does that sound unreasonable? You say "yes," that I'm pretty dumb if I leave things kids like within their reach and that I'm to blame for the crime because I really baited a trap.

And I agree. As long as we leave candy in reach, kidnapers, mail-thieves, counterfeiters and other money-getting criminals will continue to help themselves, even tho the mailed fist of the law grabs them as soon as they do it.

We need a system of exchange which would make it impossible for an individual to have the exchange value of any but his own lawfully obtained money. If a gang robbed a bank, there wouldn't be anything there for them in a form they could use; if an individual was kidnaped and held for ransom, there wouldn't be any form of money in which to pay the kidnaper.

We could have such money. The only individual it would handicap, after the change had been made, would be the criminal.

Cedaredge, Colorado.

Such a system is advocated by Howard Scott, Technocrat, in his non-transferable energy certificates. These are of two types, "male" and "female." No "male" certificate would buy a woman's fur coat, for example.—*Editor.*

Wahoo!

By J. C. L. McMAIN—

Many thanks for the article, "Dude Ranchers' Boots and Saddles," June 5 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. My wife and I read it while debating whether to spend our vacation at home or on the road. When we read your article we decided that, perhaps, we could afford a "Dude" vacation. Subsequent correspondence with a Montana ranch proved we could.

With a loud Wahoo! for THE DIGEST, we are heading for Montana next week. We'll be seeing you there. Long Island City.

SOVIET NORTH POLE COLONY
HALTSKI! WHO GOES THEREOVITEH?
"HELP ME! I AM BEING PURSUED! EVERY PLACE I GO SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS AFTER ME! I AM LOOKING FOR A PLACE WHERE I CAN BE SAFE FROM TAXES"
INCOME
SECURITIES
BONDS
CASH

"THERE ARE PROBABLY NO TAX-COLLECTORS UP THERE — YET!"

—McCutcheon in Chicago Daily Tribune

"THE VETERINARY SAYS YOUR HORSE IS DEAD"

—Elderman in Washington Post

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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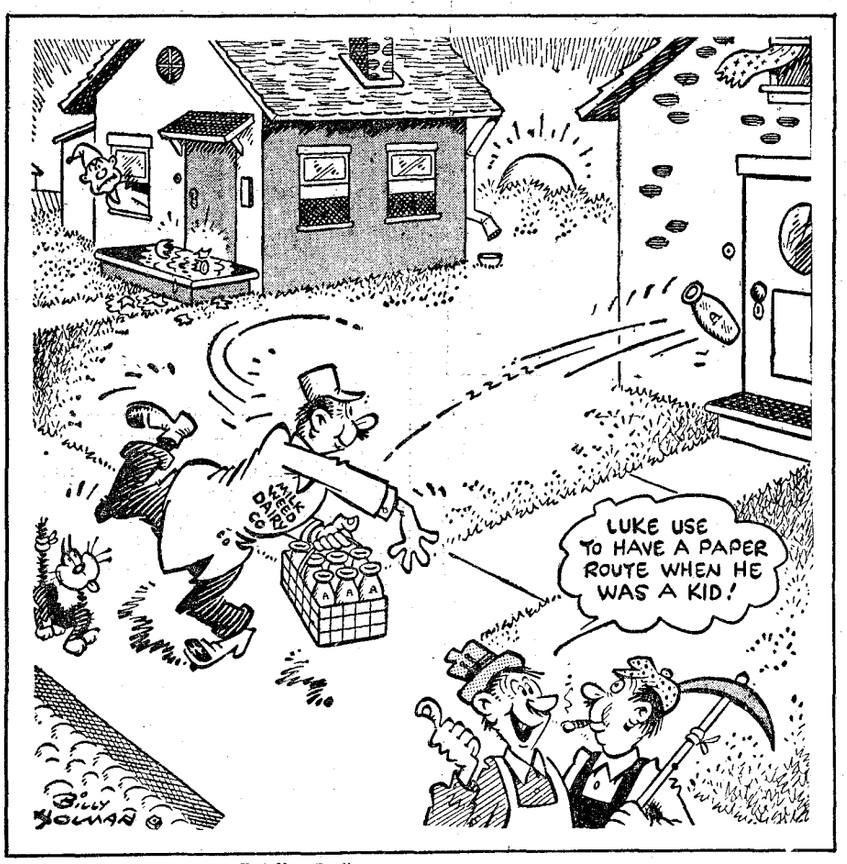

Courtesy © Chicago Tribune—New York News Syndicate

"THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY"

—By Holman

Transportation.—Father to young son sucking his thumb: "Say, son, don't bite that thumb off. You'll need it some day when you are old enough to travel."—*U. S. S. Tennessee Tar.*

Chance.—FATHER: "You say you want to marry my daughter. Well, have you seen her mother?"

SUITOR (falteringly): "Why, yes; but daughters don't always grow up to look like their mothers."—*Neal O'Hara in New York Post.*

Poser.—"You've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

She did not reply.

"I said, you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

"I heard you the first time. I was trying to think."—*Cornell Widow.*

Oriental.—ATTENDANT: "Do you wish to consult Woosung Portung, the great Chinese mystic?"

WOMAN: "Aye, laddie. Tell him his mither is here from The Bronx."—*The Log (U. S. N. A.).*

March.—NIT: "Let's march along this walk where we used to walk last March."

WIT: "I'll try, but my last march didn't last in last March's walk."—*Boys' Life*

Rivals.—A couple of rival, but friendly shopkeepers were talking things over "When does your opening sale close?" asked the first.

"When your closing sale opens," replied the second.—*The Catalina Islander.*

K.O.—"Well, Sam, I see you're back for fighting with your wife. Liquor again?"

"No, sah, Jedge, she licked me this time."—*The Earth Mover* (Aurora, Ill.).

Wow!—"What make is your nephew's new car?"

OLD LADY (rather vague about such things): "I think I heard him say it was a wow."—*The Humorist (London).*

Clear.—INSTRUCTOR: "Mr. Martin, what fundamental theorem of the calculus is involved there?"

MARTIN: "I don't recall the theorem but it is all based upon something trying to approach something else and it never does quite get there."—*U. S. Coast Guard Foretop.*

Etiquette.—"I'm afraid you'll be late at the party," remarked an elderly lady to her granddaughter. "Oh, dear, grandma," said the girl, "don't you know that in a fashionable set nobody goes to a party until everybody has got there?"—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Pun.—There he was, swimming in the cold water, battling heroically against the waves. "Just a half-mile more," he thought. "and I'll make the shore." His strokes were getting weaker. He could hardly lift an arm any more. The beach was only a few yards away. His last efforts were too much. He began to grow dizzy. Then his head began to swim and carried him to the shore.—*Punch Bowl* (Univ. of Pa.).

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

App—agricultural economist — just *app*, as in *apple.*

Baity—engineer; educator — rimes with *Katie.*

Bowley—U. S. major-general—rimes with *holy.*

Gaetano Cecere—sculptor—each *c* as *ch: gah-eh'tah-no chech'eh-ray.*

Cheffetz—artist—*ch* of *Chicago;* or, *sheff'ets.*

Conard—U. S. rear-admiral—*con*, not *cone: con'ard.*

Hoguet—New York banker — as if spelled *ho-gay'.*

Kincheloe — Federal judge — stress *kinch: kinch'e-lo.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Two cases of undulant fever have occurred in Pasadena. In both instances raw silk was consumed exclusively by the patients.—*Pasadena paper.*

Smooth diet.

SIKH AN IMMORTAL
AFTER CHEATING ROPE.
—*New York paper.*

Who wouldn't be?

During her stay, the Queen and her court were honor guests of the Seattle Junior Chamber of Coerce.—*Seattle paper.*

Had to stay, eh?

PARISIANS TOASTED
IN JAPAN.
—*San Francisco paper.*

Warm welcome!

Ten-year-old G——— M———, a frequent figure on local bridal paths took a ribbon recently at a nearby show.—*Denver paper.*

Probably deserves it.

BEAUTY OPERATOR WANTED. Must be god. Give references.—*El Paso paper.*

Simply heavenly working conditions.

Miss C——— H———'s account of her trip to China was much enjoyed by the sizzable audience of members and guests.—*Pasadena paper.*

Hot stuff.

Both were dressed informally, M——— in a blue suit and Mrs. M——— in a brown dress and brown milk coat.—*Boston paper.*

Informally right.

Lieutenant K——— helped work his way through Northwestern University by acting as a motor-cycle in Evanston.—*New York paper.*

And the movies didn't sign him?

GALE SINGS TUGBOAT
IN LAKE IN LOUISIANA
—*Atlanta paper.*

"And for bonnie *Tugboat Annie . . .*?"

For Sale—Outside blinds, door frames and one mantelpiece. Left from altercations.—*Waynesboro (Va.) paper.*

Rolling-pin damaged beyond repair.

Wanted: Two young men as a school boy.—*San Francisco paper.*

Siamese twins?

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